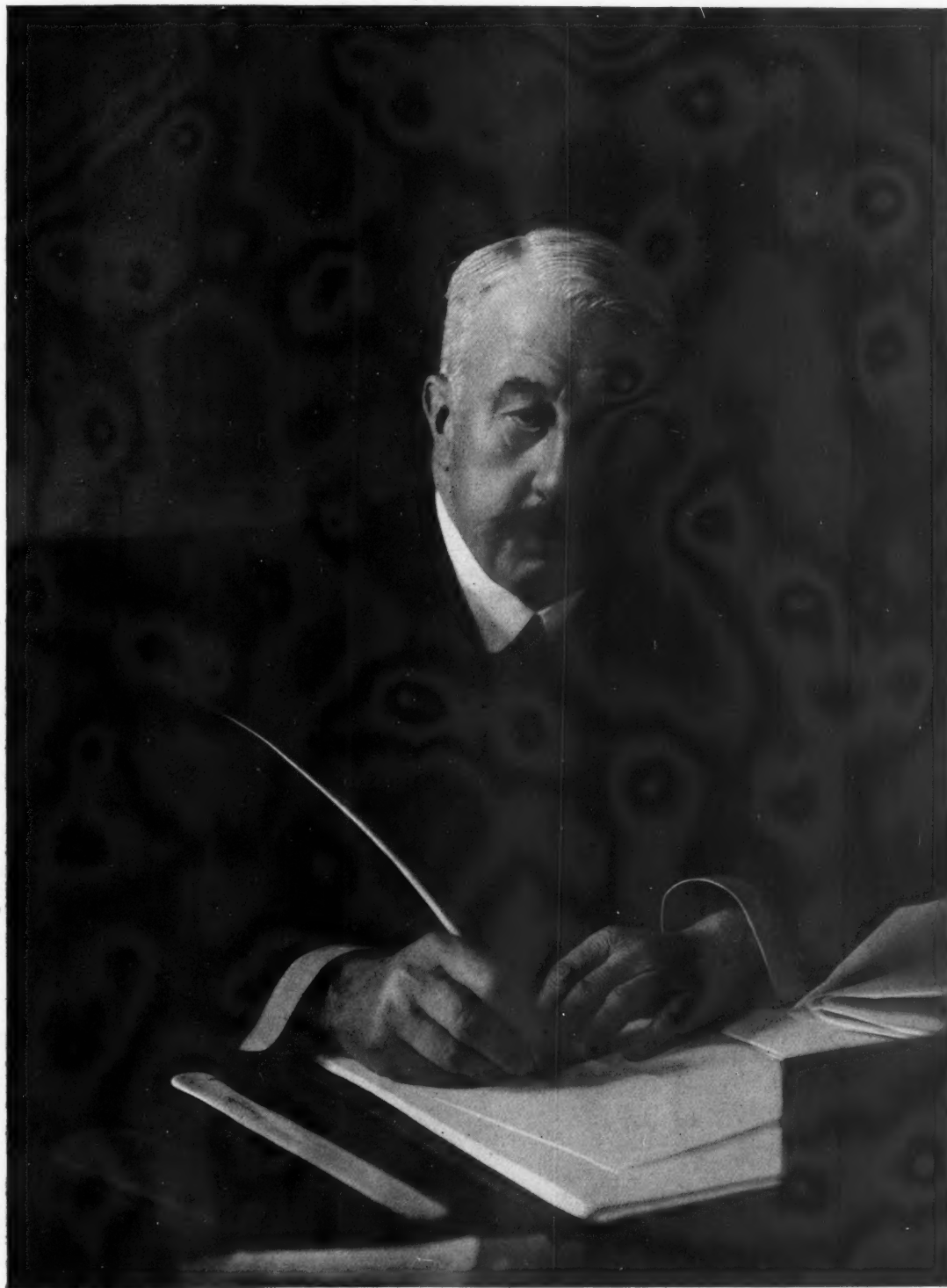


# COUNTRY LIFE

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*Hall & Russell,*

THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, K.G.

161A, Strand, W.C.2.

# COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN  
COUNTRY LIFE & COUNTRY PURSUITS

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## Land for the Landless

WE are sure that our friends with estates of their own and possessing all that helps to make up the charm of the country will not take it amiss if we devote a little space to talk about what an open place means to the poor. A number of subscribers who could not afford a large subscription have yet given what they could towards the purchase of Box Hill. They are reversing the process that went on for centuries when the land belonged to great owners, and to the poor were conceded only certain rights of common, which were extinguished when the policy of enclosures was generally adopted, it being found that it led to better cultivation and to larger crops. The present generation is doing the opposite to this: it is buying commons for the use and enjoyment of all who care to take advantage of them. One can see from the letters which we have published that there are many who very keenly appreciate this sense of ownership. One tells us that his subscription may be enough to give him the right to eat his luncheon *sub tegmine fagi*; others have sent a subscription that covers the cost of an acre. In one case two subscribers have clubbed together and each sent half of the price, £14, to make up the £28 which is the present cost of an acre of this land. Now, this is exactly as it should be. Open spaces are, naturally, more for the benefit of those who possess no land than for those who have enough and to spare.

Box Hill is an ideal part of the country for those who are crowded up in cities. In most cases they or their families came from the country, and they pine for the sounds, sights and smells of the hill, hollow and woodland. These are to be found in great abundance on Box Hill. It is well wooded and famous not only for the boxes and yews that seed themselves and grow naturally on the hill side, but also for many of the beautiful forest trees of Great Britain. In winter, no doubt, the evergreen trees and shrubs are the more beautiful simply because their brilliant green is in pleasing contrast to the drab colours which come when the deciduous trees have shed their leaves. Where there are trees there are sure to be birds in abundance, and they multiply both in number and in kind when they enjoy the natural sanctuary of a public park. During this mildest of winter months the singing of birds has been as noticeable as it usually begins to be in March. The birds seem to have lost their calendar, and kept St. Valentine's Day long before its advent. We hear of nests being built and nurslings being fed away in the comparatively cold north, and, no doubt, accurate observers have noticed the same domesticities going on in Surrey; but it is spring that brings the full chorus. We seem to want green sprays of bursting leaves for a full enjoyment of this natural concert. Four-footed wildings have also been active. The squirrel's time of mating has been forwarded by the mildness of the season, and it has been amusing to watch some of their antics as they play about and indulge in the contests and rivalries which seem inseparable from love-making. Box Hill is in summer a wonderful district for those flowers of the air, the moths and butterflies, which seem to float about among the vegetation rather than fly. All this conduces to the happiness of those who like to sit out in the open and think their own thoughts while the play of animal life is going on round them. Surely, a few hours, if they only come weekly, spent in surroundings such as these must bring colour to the fading cheek and revive the energies worn out with the toil and anxieties inseparable from the pursuit of business.

It would be well if many of those who have little sent something to swell the total amount. It would give the contributors a livelier sense that the ground in all surety had become theirs. The community would gain in self-respect and independence. We do not mean that the individual should strain himself to give more than he can afford; that would be unreasonable, but he could use some influence with his friends. In all these movements success has been attained in proportion to the number of people interested. Individual half-crowns and shillings soon amount to pounds, and by a determined effort on the part of the workers and collecting over a large district it would easily be possible to obtain the comparatively small amount of money now needed. After giving what in their own judgment seems right, they could still afford help by asking all their friends to follow their example. In that way not only would the total be reached more speedily, but it would be very satisfactory for those who gave to reflect that it was largely owing to the zeal of the workers that the task now auspiciously undertaken had been brought to a triumphant end. In a letter printed to-day it is recalled that Jane Austen, in one of the most brilliant of her novels, describes the merry-making on Box Hill, the company travelling seven miles "in expectancy of enjoyment, and everybody had a burst of enjoyment on arriving." It is interesting as showing that in the eighteenth century the charms of Box Hill were greatly appreciated. They ought to be more so now by a generation educated as none preceding it has been, in the taste and love of natural beauty.

## Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece is a portrait of the Duke of Devonshire, who was Governor-General of Canada from 1916 to 1921. Last October he was appointed Secretary of State for the Colonies in Mr. Bonar Law's Administration.

\* \* \* Particulars and conditions of sale of estates and catalogues of furniture should be sent as soon as possible to COUNTRY LIFE, and followed in due course by a prompt notification of the results of the various sales.





**L**ORD GREY OF FALLODON on Saturday last took occasion, while delivering the Earl Grey Memorial Lecture at Armstrong College, Newcastle, to deliver himself of some thoughts on public life. The central point of his reflections concerned democracy, and his remarks deserve attention because of his being by blood and nature himself an unchanging democrat. Just because of this his remarks about the weaknesses of democracy deserve the closest attention. He instanced the case of Italy, where a government very similar to our own had been superseded by something not based on parliamentary election. It relies on organised force for the present, at any rate. He pointed out that in every country many people now question democratic representative government in a way in which it was never questioned before. It is an incontrovertible statement that public opinion is not necessarily statesmanlike at all. He applied his theorisation to the relations between Capital and Labour. They are not at all satisfactory, and the great body of opinion in this country is certainly against the nationalisation of industries and communism generally. The question of wages, too, comes up again and again, but it cannot be settled by government. These are simple examples of questions demanding more statesmanship than is to be found in public opinion. It certainly is to the public good that a speaker of Lord Grey's frank and moderate temperament should raise questions like this. It must conduce to their being discussed in a friendly spirit.

**A**T the great meetings of bank companies which took place last week many references were made to agriculture. Mr. Walter Leaf, who presided over the meeting of the London County, Westminster and Parr's Bank on Friday, repelled with great vigour the accusation that the large banks of to-day are not so considerate to the farmers as the small banks which they superseded. For example, in such districts as the Home Counties, Somerset, Derbyshire, Cheshire and Yorkshire, his bank has lent to farmers for the extension of holdings over £2,000,000. This amount has not been called for; on the contrary, the bank has helped the farmers by increasing the loans on their property. In "Parr's districts," which include Somerset, Cheshire and Yorkshire, the average loan over all is only £500, and, as there are a good many large loans, it is a fair inference that there must be a very large number of small ones to make the average so small. In regard to the supposed demands for security, Mr. Leaf, after having had the figures taken out, found that of the total number of borrowers no less than 28 per cent. had their loans wholly without security and another 13 per cent. only gave partial security. In other words, 41 per cent. of the borrowing farmers received credit on the personal knowledge by the bank manager of their character and business. Mr. Leaf added the testimony "that this is a class of business which we most willingly undertake, for it is one in which we make very small losses."

**A**T the Sixty-fifth Ordinary General Meeting of Lloyds Bank a very similar tale was told by Mr. J. Beaumont Pease, who succeeded the late Sir Richard Vassar-Smith as Chairman of the bank. He, in the same direct way as Mr. Walter Leaf, meets the accusation of an ex-Prime Minister

and an ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer that banks of to-day are less disposed to lend to farmers than the old private banks. Mr. Pease gave the answers that he got from one of the branch managers whom he had up for the purpose. When the bank was a private one in 1902 the debit balance due from farmers was £15,462, whereas in December, 1922, the figure was £25,304 due to Lloyds Bank. This manager, in one of his letters on the subject, said that the facilities by way of overdrafts given by the joint stock banks were much greater than were formerly granted by private banks. He adds that "no legitimate accommodation has been refused, no farmer has ever been pressed to sacrifice his stock until it was ready for sale, or to market his produce at an unfavourable time." This particular manager was in the same bank in 1902 when it was a small private one, and in 1922 when it was Lloyds Bank. These figures are both interesting and timely. It will be necessary to take them into full consideration when the time comes for discussing the easier terms of credit which it is understood the Government will offer as a help to farmers in their present dilemma.

#### A SONG OF SURREY.

Have you been in Surrey woodlands with the bluebells at your feet?

On a Surrey common scented by the honeysuckle sweet?  
Trode the North Downs bare and wind-swept, where the cloud shapes paint the grass

To the purple of the heather that flings perfume as they pass?

Down and wooded upland  
Where the beech holds sway:  
Yews of ancient story  
Along the Pilgrims' Way:  
Perfect in the greening,  
In Autumn's gold or frost.  
God gave us Surrey  
When Paradise was lost.

Have you gathered fragile snowdrops by a flooded Surrey stream?

Or seen "Traveller's Joy" in hedgerows 'neath the August moon a gleam?

Or on the moorland stretches been "a-hurting" all day long,  
And homing through the pine woods, heard the nightingale's lone song?

Weary London lovers  
In a Surrey lane  
Whisper soft, as homewards  
They turn their steps again;  
"Perfect in the greening,  
In Autumn's gold or frost  
Is Surrey that God gave us  
When Paradise was lost!"

VERA A. CHAPPELL.

**A**T the Mansion House on Saturday, when the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress entertained the National Society of French Professors in England, a thoughtful reply was made to his speech by M. de Saint-Aulaire, who seized the opportunity of pronouncing an eulogy on the French language. He described it as the purest and the most human of languages, and seemed to hint that any difficulties in the Treaty of Versailles were due to its not having been entirely drawn up in French. Of course, it is all very well for any scholarly person to praise the language of his own country. This praise in many cases is perfectly well deserved, because the speaker singles out the peculiar excellence to be found in his own speech. French, for example, would be properly described as the most lucid of languages. That is a good reason for its employment in diplomacy. The German language, on the other hand, is better fitted for the discussion of philosophic ideas. It has not the clearness and purity of French, but it is, at its best, the most poetic. When Heine, who was a German educated in France, wrote German prose he did it with a lightness of touch that he had probably picked up in his Gallic school, and his prose, combining the merits of both tongues, in addition to being written by a highly gifted poet, deserves to rank very high in the good prose of the world. A good test of international

language is to be found in the different versions of the Bible. Few would deny that here the English version stands first, and has the German as a bad second, while the French is only third. French writers seem, on the whole, unable to maintain that steadiness and moderation which are needed to say great things in a great manner. They are either too impressive or too jejune.

THE scientific discovery of the moment is the Bacterium Pneumointes, which is the name given to the influenza germ. Its discovery is due to a number of American doctors working together at the Rockefeller Institute, Schenectady. The germ was found only after a long hunt. It is so small that one wonders all the more at the success of the investigators. It had to be magnified to a thousand times its size before it could be seen. Dr. Olitsky describes it as "spindle-shaped, heavy in the middle, and tapering at the ends." It was the more difficult to catch because no filter could be found to retain it. Probably it will take years to find the antidote for it, but a great step forward has been made by the discovery of the germ. We have very recent experience to attest to the damage that it is capable of doing, as the deaths from influenza in England and Wales alone numbered 157,466 in the year 1918-19.

NO football player has ever had a more sincere compliment paid him than did A. L. Gracie, the Harlequin three-quarter, at Cardiff last Saturday, when, after scoring the winning try for Scotland in the last minute, he was carried shoulder-high off the ground by the crowd. Welsh spectators are nothing if not patriotic: their singing of "Land of Our Fathers" has been known before now to cow a visiting team, and so this fine and sporting tribute shows that they must have been carried off their feet with enthusiasm for a great effort. One writer—a Welshman, unless we are mistaken—has said that Cardiff will remember this try of Gracie's together with "Teddy" Morgan's historic try that beat the New Zealanders, and he could say no more. It was a splendid match all through, with Scotland just the better side and deserving of victory. And it will make more interesting than ever the England v. Scotland match at Inverleith, which should decide the championship of the year. We do not yet know, however, how good the Irish side may be. Trinity College, Dublin, has this year a very strong fifteen; yet only two of them have been chosen to play for Ireland. The inference is that Ireland is richer in good players than she has been for some years.

PENDING a definite announcement of the date and place of the Duke of York's marriage to Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, we would like to express a wish that has reached us from several sources: that the Earl of Inverness should be united to his Scots bride in Edinburgh. Londoners are spoilt children in the matter of festivities, while "Auld Reekie," with its thousands of loyal citizens and forlorn palaces, would be beside itself for joy. How Holyrood would bustle with excitement and the descendants of the clansmen rally to the capital! Rarely does such an opportunity present itself for Their Majesties to hold Court in their northern capital, and we feel certain that Southerners would console themselves for the loss of a spectacle by the knowledge of the pleasure it would cause and the memories it would revive among their northern cousins.

THE National Gallery, by the opening of Rooms IX and X has now re-attained its pre-war extent. The rooms are devoted to the remainder of the works of the Dutch school, prominent among which is the Gerard Honthorst "Christ Before Pilate," acquired from the Stafford House and formerly in the Giustiniani collection. In it is a notable example of the instantaneous influence of Caravaggio, not only upon Italian, but on Dutch art. A charming "Mercury and Argus," by Jan Lys, illustrates another, later, follower, but seems rather out of place among its Dutch companions, Lys having worked so very largely with Feti in Venice. Several Rembrandts and Frans Hals have been transferred to the new rooms and contrast

usefully with the lighter little Jan Steens and Jordaens. Hans Jordaens' edifying "Interior of a Picture Gallery" and several de Hoochs are in the smaller of the two rooms. Maes' "Idle Servant" and Metzsu's "Forge" are others of the pleasant company now once again available for us.

AN event which, coming so early in its history, will help in founding a fine sporting tradition for the great Stadium at Wembley is the British Legion Imperial Rally, to be held there on July 14th. In organising athletic contests chiefly for ex-Service men, but open to every country in the Empire, the Legion hopes to accomplish the dual purpose of re-kindling the spirit of comradeship among ex-soldiers and sailors and of promoting interest in amateur sport. With the latter object in view the programme has been arranged to consist only of scratch events, of which the most important will be the one mile relay race, for which the King will give a shield, to be won outright. Other events, which are open to all comers from the British Empire, are a one mile race, 220yds., 120yds. hurdle race, open pole jumping and a 100yds. blind race. The hammer, the javelin and the discus, which Great Britain is accused of having neglected in recent years, will probably also be included.

#### WOOD CIRCE'S WINE CUP.

##### I.

Thou wan-faced Circe of the wood  
What February has found you  
With chilled fingers and tresses dank  
Creeping on from bank to bank,  
Searching for a blood-red cup  
(Cup of lichen)  
Wherein to pour a magic draught  
To tempt or charm  
Satyr or Pan—  
Thou wild, wild eyed  
Old temptress of demi-man!

##### II.

No potter Ethiopian—  
Athenian lapidarist—  
Could mould or cut a circled cup  
More delicate or delicious  
Than thy blood-red Cornelian  
Cup of lichen—  
Wherein to pour a magic draught  
To tempt or charm  
Satyr or Pan  
Thou wild, wild eyed  
Enchantress of demi-man!

ALCE HUGHES.

IT is certainly desirable that the town of Warrington should have a full water supply, but an unfortunate plan has been invented to secure it. The plan is to submerge the beautiful and populated Ceiriog Valley in East Denbighshire. The promoters ruthlessly meditate drowning the cultivated land above the village of Llanarmon Dyffryn Ceiriog. The lower Hendre, or reservoir, will be larger; it will extend for over two miles down the valley to beyond the village of Tregeiriog. The land which is actually sought is not only that to be occupied by the reservoirs, but a belt of land on either side. It is stated that 13,600 acres will be directly affected by this scheme, and this area includes three villages, one church, five chapels, two burial grounds, two public elementary schools, two post offices, two inns, five shops, one blacksmith's shop and eighty-two other dwellings, of which forty-five are farmhouses with farm buildings. We do not suppose that the Warrington Corporation propose to submerge the lot, but even if not actually put under water, these dwellings will not be suffered to exist on the banks of the reservoirs or in the catchment area.

THE coloured plate which we present with this issue, "The Thatcher," is an exceptionally fine example of Morland's skill in painting humble country scenes. The grouping of the figures, the girl with her scarlet cloak, its very rural, and English, under the threatening sky. It is engraved by William Ward, and was originally published in 1806.



# THE BOX HILL FUND

£3,000 STILL WANTED



THE HAPPY VALLEY, TO BE PURCHASED BY THE BOX HILL FUND.

In contemplation of created things  
By steps we may ascend to God.

THIS very apt quotation from Milton was sent by one of the subscribers whose contributions to the Box Hill Fund are acknowledged on this page. Her modest wish is that it may purchase a square yard of Box Hill where created things may be contemplated in the most favourable circumstances. For the most part the contributors this week allow their subscriptions to tell their own tale. It is, however, very evident that the wish to redeem Box Hill as much as possible from the builder's aggressiveness is growing in intensity. We show a picture which will bring this home to the mind of the reader more vividly than the written word, for there the advertisement glares in all its ugliness. The photograph was taken some time ago and that is the reason that 320 acres are mentioned instead of 248; the balance has already been delivered over to the builder, and the rest must follow unless there is a rally of those who wish to save the ground. It does not seem much to ask now that the £4,000 mark has been well passed. It leaves only a dwindling £3,000 to be collected. The end of the task may possibly prove more difficult than the beginning. It is not everybody who has money to spare for such an object in these times, and, but that it is now or never, it would be unreasonable to ask for subscriptions, still we hope our readers will not flag in their efforts to raise the final £3,000. Let those who have themselves given pass the word round to their neighbours and urge that it should be a common effort to acquire land for the common good, and there is no doubt of that hopeful result being achieved before the sand in the glass runs down; that is, before September 30th.

As showing the wealth of literary association possessed by Box Hill, we publish below a letter from Mr. H. E. Shaw upon the picnic in Jane Austen's novel, "Emma." Our correspondent may like to know that the Highbury of "Emma" has generally been identified with Cobham in Surrey.

Sir,—That the literary associations connecting themselves with Box Hill would prove unending is doubtless true, but I venture to think that no admirer of Jane Austen can hear the name of Box Hill without

recalling the notable picnic in "Emma." True, our novelist, like all great miniature painters, makes the landscape but a very faint background for her picture, and reserves all her subtle skill for the portraits and grouping of her figures, so that we are merely told that "seven miles were travelled (the gentlemen on horseback), in expectancy of enjoyment, and everybody had a burst of enjoyment on arriving." There is no record, as far as I remember, in the life of Jane Austen that she actually visited the spot. It could not have been undertaken from Chawton in Hampshire, where the author was living when "Emma" was written, and I do not know whether Highbury, the village from which the picnic started, and round which she has fashioned her most finished pictures of English "gentlefolk," has been identified. But the suggestion of accurate topography is shown in the remark of Frank Churchill, when, in his flirtation with Emma, he declares, "Let everybody on the Hill hear me if they can. Let my accents swell to Mickleham on the one side and Dorking on the other." Whether this beautiful retreat was visited by her under "such another scheme, composed of so many ill-assorted people," or whether she merely took the place as suitable for her purpose of portraying a so-called pleasure party, does not detract from the marvellous sureness of her picture; but that she did choose Box Hill as a setting for her scene has linked it definitely with the place, and it seems peculiarly fitting that this exquisite artist of English country life should be associated with a spot which, in all its natural, sequestered and unobtrusive beauty, can revive in us that grace of leisure which modern life is making it so hard to retain.—H. E. SHAW.

Sir,—As one who lives in the midst of Epping Forest, I know the incalculable benefit of woodlands to the jaded Londoner and City man and to the many thousands who can enjoy a ramble. I enclose a small contribution to the splendid fund to save Box Hill.—A. H. TOZER.



A REAL DANGER SIGNAL.  
72 acres already sold, leaving 248.

## SECOND LIST OF SUBSCRIPTIONS

Total of subscriptions	
already acknowledged	£3,930 9 0
Mr. Percy C. Mordan ..	50 0 0
E. A. E. ..	30 0 0
Mrs. J. N. MacAndrew	28 0 0
Mr. H. W. Bellamy	
(promised) ..	25 0 0
Mr. John Galsworthy ..	10 0 0
Mr. A. H. Tozer ..	5 5 0
Mr. G. T. Pitcher ..	5 0 0
Sir William Lancaster ..	2 2 0
Miss E. S. Baxter ..	1 1 0
Mr. W. E. Farr ..	1 1 0
Mr. Frank R. Price ..	1 1 0
Miss Christina I. Brown	1 1 0
Mr. A. A. Hopper ..	1 0 0
Mr. Howard B. Sugden	10 6
Mr. J. Rudge Harding	10 0
Miss Gertrude A. Fryce	10 0
Miss E. Jacob ..	5 0

£4,092 15 6

## A BELVOIR COVERT IN A COTTESMORE PASTURE

**A**BOUT three miles from Melton, on a peninsula formed by the River Eye, stands Burbidge's Covert. At a short distance away, on a hill, is Melton Spinney. Burbidge's Covert is situated on the borders of three countries, in the Belvoir country. Across the river is the Cottesmore with Berry Gorse, with Burton Lazars between these two points and the old Melton steeplechase course near at hand. A stone's throw a field or two to the left brings us into the Quorn country, with Gartree Hill on the right and the delightful and famous Twyford Vale, the best of riding ground, within reach. It is on record that the Belvoir, crossing the river at the ford below Burbidge's, ran hard right up to and

across the Twyford country. Thus Burbidge's is the key to the very best of the country round Melton. Supposing that, instead of crossing the stream, the fox, as it often does, turns back into the Belvoir country, the line may take us by way of Melton Spinney to Goadby, or even, if inclining leftwards, to the Belvoir Vale.

An early mention of Burbidge's Covert occurs in an account of a run from the covert by Lord Forester, when the fox ran back over the Belvoir country and, after a good forty minutes, was marked to ground at Goadby Gorse. All round Thorpe Arnold and Brentingby was a country of stout foxes, and it is related how, from the neighbourhood of this covert, the hounds were



H. Barrett.

THE BELVOIR WORKING BURBIDGE'S COVERT, MELTON MOWBRAY.

Copyright.





THE COTTESMORE PACK BREASTING THE HILL FROM BERRY GORSE.

stopped at 9.15 p.m. after a tremendous run. The huntsman and whippers-in finished on hacks they procured in Melton.

Burbidge's Covert has the river on three sides, and the ford, at the bottom, opens the way to the Cottesmore and Quorn countries. Many people will remember the ride down the slope to the river through the covert. The river is, however, obviously a barrier to the foxes and, unless natives of Quorn or Cottesmore coverts, they more often lead their followers over the Belvoir country round Freeby and Waltham, or, as we have seen, to Goadby, than across the borders of the neighbouring Hunts. But we turn from the annals of a famous covert to the thrilling picture of the Cottesmore pack carrying a good head and racing over one of the wide pastures between Whissendine and Buedetts. This is one of the best snapshots of hounds going the pace with a good scent that I have ever seen. This gives us a splendid idea of the pace and drive of a good pack of foxhounds over Leicestershire. The illustrations also show us the difference between the two sides of the river: the Belvoir or Thorpe Arnold

side is more closely fenced—the Cottesmore side is wider; the pasture over which the Cottesmore hounds are racing might well be sixty acres in extent. Note, too, the ridge and furrow, which will soon find out and beat a horse with bad shoulders. Such horses soon tire themselves and their riders and such fields call for courage and pace in the horses. Some idea of the pace of the hounds may be inferred from the distance between the pack and the followers. Hounds must necessarily drive, for, although the scent of these pastures is ravishing to hounds, it is evanescent. The foxhound must, so to speak, travel with the scent, for if the fox gets too far ahead the scent quickly fades and the pack is run out of scent. Hounds get to know this as well as their huntsman, and they drive for all they are worth. The apparent size of the fences suggests the extent of the pasture, for that moderate-looking fence that appears so small in the distance probably has height, strength, and a broad ditch on one side or the other and is deceptive. There is behind the pack a wide extent of pasture, and, perhaps, not a ploughed field



within sight. A very little study of this picture will show us why people spend time and money in order to hunt on the grass. To ride a good horse over a country like this with hounds such as these is one of the best things life has to offer. Just now the Cottessmore hounds are full of the blood of the Badminton, of the Atherstone and of the Fernie packs. Note, too, the group of grass country horses and their attendants. Blood is wanted for the horse, and pace, no doubt; but the Blankney horse needs to be a made hunter, to be handy and easy to ride. We note the proportion of plain snaffle bridles on the horses. The bald-faced horse in the left-hand



WAITING FOR ORDERS. THE BLANKNEY.

these memories of the Shires recalled and those of the parts of the country which are of all the most delightful in the Midlands. The only bad days the Midlands ever give us are those when the fog comes down and we can see neither hounds nor the country we are riding over.

X.

corner has a nose-band—he is keen, it may be; but the third horse has a beautiful forehead and shoulder, and is, no doubt, a charming horse to ride. We shall not forget to note the easy slope of his pasterns nor the intelligent head. The grey horse we shall observe; in most studs there is often a grey horse, and mostly it is a good one.

It is pleasant to have

## TWO-SHOT HOLES FOR TIGERS

THE NEW ADDINGTON REVISITED.

WHAT is the length of a "two-shot" hole? To that question each one of us is disposed to give as an answer the number of yards which he himself can comfortably accomplish with two wooden club shots. I am thinking, however, not of the rank and file but of the really long, modern driver. In his case the answer to the question appears to be about 480yds. or so.

This I judge from a walk a few days ago round the new course at Addington, which is now thickly carpeted with turf and will reasonably soon be ready for play. Mr. Abercromby has laid out five holes, as he says, "for tigers." Anybody who aspires to that title ought to be able to reach each of those holes in two shots. Their lengths are 460yds., 470yds., 480yds., 500yds. and 490yds. respectively, and in two cases the second shot has to be played rather up hill. In the case of the five hundred yarder the ground runs very slightly down hill and so helps the player. Moreover, it is no fantastic dream that the long hitters will reach these greens in two. Mr. Abercromby has had three powerful local tigers—Mr. Mellin, Mr. Hooman and Ritchie—playing shots at the holes. The ground being at present soft and new, he gave them 30yds. for the run at the end of their tee shots, and with this allowance they successfully got home, though I believe the sixteenth—490yds. with an up-hill finish—very, very nearly had them beaten. At the 500yds. hole Mr. Mellin had the temerity to take an iron club for his second and put his ball bang on to the green. I do not think the 30yd. allowance was at all a too generous one. When the ground hardens the additional run will be greater than that, and so we have the alarming fact that these distances are nothing really out of the way for the modern driver and the modern ball.

I confess that this came as rather a shock to me. I suppose one has got a fixed notion of lengths into one's head and cannot get it out. Ages ago, when one was taught that the perfect hole was to be in length some multiple of the full shot, 400yds. in two shots meant very fine hitting. One imagines that it does so still, but in fact the tiger can accomplish that distance comfortably with a drive and an iron. In America they are now laying out a course on Long Island which is to be the last word in ladies' golf. With characteristic thoroughness the constructors asked Miss Alexa Stirling to drive for them, so that they might get exact statistics as to the distance that a fine lady player but not a colossal driver can hit. They came to the conclusion that Miss Stirling's average carry was 170yds. That is another alarming fact, even more so, I think, than the length of those "two-shot" holes. It shows that in point of yards, if we have not done so already, we must entirely "scrap" all our old ideas as to distances.

Having taken the new Addington course as an example, I think I must in fairness say something more about it, lest I give the impression that it is altogether too tigrish. In fact, it is nothing of the sort. Ordinary mortals have been justly and even generously treated there. At those holes where the long driver goes out for home and glory the humbler person has ample room in which to manœuvre for his fives. Nowhere

on the course is he forced to play a shot in point of length beyond his powers. There is always a way round, and if he goes straight on his own line there is no reason why he should not have his foot on the grass all the way.

About a year ago I had walked round this course in its pristine and sylvan state and written some little account of it in COUNTRY LIFE. My recollections of that walk among the woods had become as tangled as were then the woods themselves, but one thing I did remember. There was a fine old yew tree and there was to be a green—the ninth—just in front of it. The hole was to be a one-shot hole. The ground appeared perfectly flat and featureless, and Mr. Abercromby had himself remarked that he had at this one hole nothing to help him and must do it all himself. Remembering this, I was particularly anxious to see the ninth hole, and I must say I never should have known it again if it had not been for the yew. The ground is not quite so flat as I had thought, and this seems always to be the case. Grass shows up all sorts of pleasant little undulations which brushwood conceals. Apart from that, however, the green by the yew is now so full of picturesque curves and looks so eminently natural that I stood amazed. There really is something a little uncanny about these architects. Their tricks make me feel like Miss Matty in "Cranford" when she went to see the conjuror and doubted "whether it was quite right to have come to see such things."

There are four more short holes besides this one, and each has a character of its own. There is the second (165yds.) with a mound on the right to drive you to the left and a bunker on the left to catch you when you go there. There is the eleventh, 130yds. or so, a pretty "island" hole which will frighten you into fits just because it is an island. There is the fourteenth, a long-short hole of 200yds., which one may liken a little in character to the fifteenth at Sunningdale, and the seventeenth (155yds.) with a very narrow opening to a rather small green and trouble on both sides. If ever I am one up and two to play and, having the honour, put my tee shot on that green, I shall be much disappointed if I lose the match, let my opponent be the most ferocious tiger that ever was.

The holes that are not short and yet not professedly tigrish are full of variety, and every form of interesting iron shot is provided. Perhaps the most interesting of all is the fifteenth, which Mr. Abercromby calls "The Enigma." Here there is a perfectly natural little mound, its top most artistically broken, also by the hand of nature, and the second shot will certainly be a pitch and run and not a pitch. Beyond that its creator will not commit himself, but unless I am mistaken he hopes and believes that it will tease people, and I fancy he is right. At any rate, he was so pleased with that green when he found it that he plunged through morasses and thickets of alders in order to bring it into play. There are plenty of other amusing holes; in fact, I doubt if there will be any dull ones. I always find it very hard to say of a new course in the rough exactly how good I think it will be, but that this one will be good there can be no doubt at all.

BERNARD DARWIN.



# FASHION IN THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY MERL LA VOY.



HAIR-DRESSING AMONG THE MEN OF THE SOLOMON ISLANDS.

ALMOST everyone on first setting foot in a foreign country is at once convinced that here is a race of people all turned out of the same mould with very little more to differentiate them than so many of the inhabitants of an ants' nest. The ants' nest is a just simile, for the intelligent observer is generally subconsciously convinced that only a very inferior race could show so little originality. After a very short time, the type being accepted, the individual variations begin to show through, and no one who really knows a country well regards its inhabitants as identical chips of the

same block. This is true even of peoples so little open to change or admixture as are the inhabitants of the lovely, lonely Solomon Islands far out in the Pacific to the north-west of Australia.

The origin of the Solomon Islanders is largely a matter of conjecture, their history, save where it touches that of the white man, almost unknown. With the exception of New Guinea, the Solomons were the first important island group in the Pacific to become known to European navigators, for Mendana discovered them in 1568, and one of the western islands,



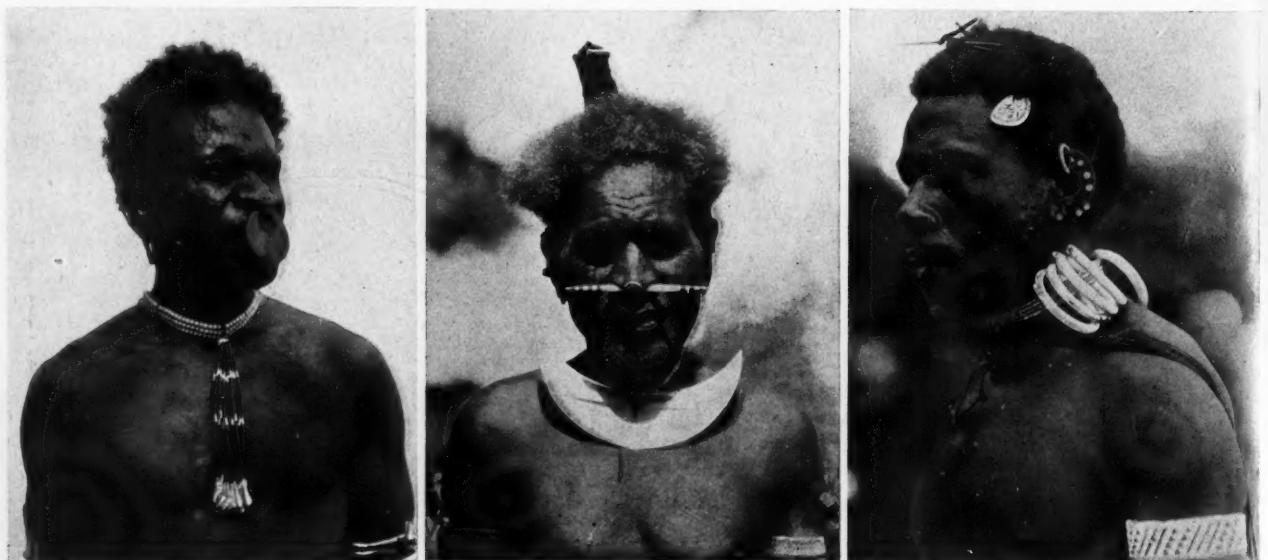
IN FULL DRESS AND PROUD OF IT.



DECORATED NOSES, RESPECTIVELY FROM SANTA CRUZ, MAILITA AND ONTONG JAVA.



TORTOISESHELL EAR-RINGS WORN BY THE CHIEF OF THE REEF ISLANDS IN THE SANTA CRUZ GROUP AND TWO MEN FROM MAILITA.  
Note the elongated ears.

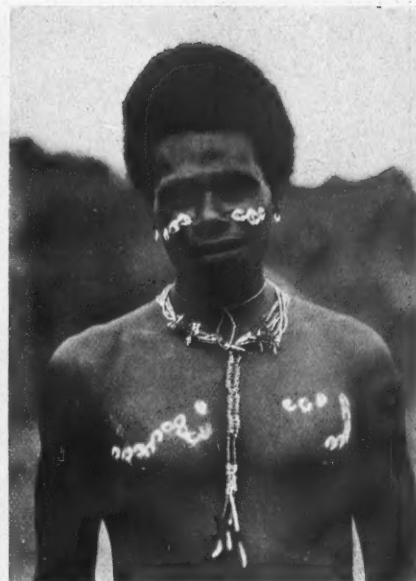
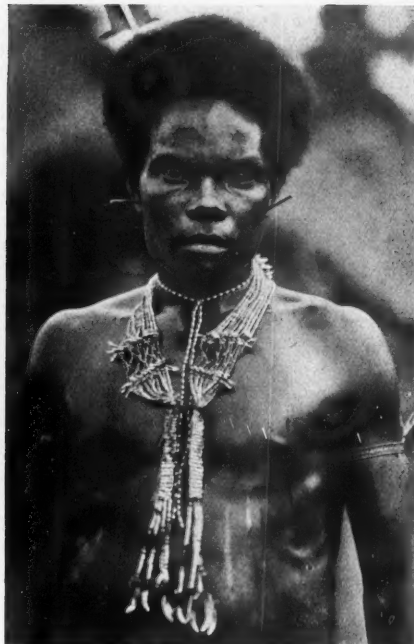


TRADE BEADS AND MOTHER-O'-PEARL FURNISH NECKLACES FOR THREE MEN FROM MAILITA.

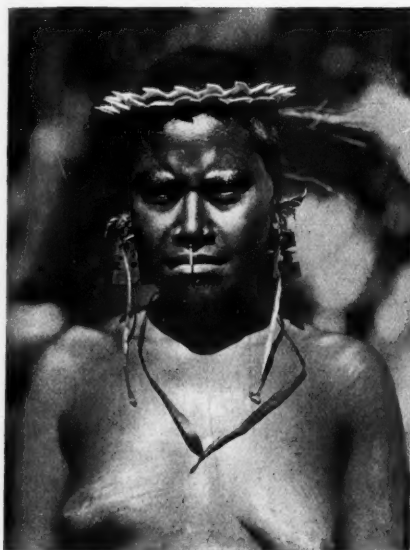




WITH SWEET HERBS STUCK IN HIS  
ARMLETS.



WITH ELABORATE NATIVE NECKLACES  
AND LIME DECORATIONS.



A CROWN OF SHARK'S TEETH FROM  
ONTONG JAVA.



MOTHERHOOD IN MAILITA.



MAILITA WOMAN WITH SKIN ORNAMENTED  
WITH CICATRICES.



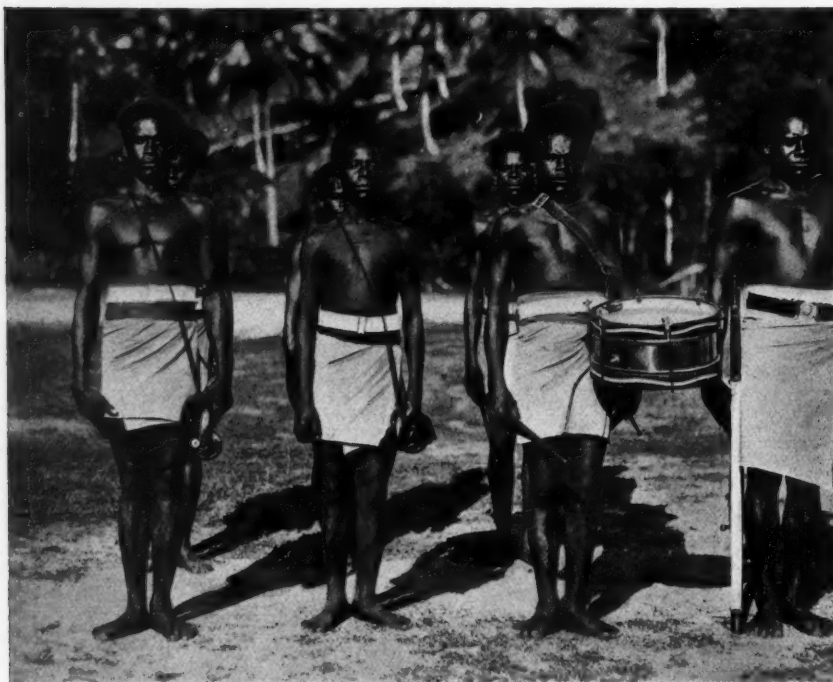
EARS PIERCED AND DECORATED WITH STUDS  
OF MOTHER-O'-PEARL.



DRESSED FOR A DANCE.



RINGS CUT FROM CONCH SHELL MAKE THIS  
MAN'S NECKWEAR.



THE POLICE BAND.

Ysabel, still bears the name of his wife Donna Ysabel de Barreto. He never found Ysabel again after he had once left it; after his death the islands were lost for some two hundred years, and, until recent times, the few occasions on which white men penetrated to them have generally been marked with tragedy.

To anyone who, like myself, has only spent a few months among them, the inhabitants of the South Sea Islands all seem curiously alike, but the traders who have lived and worked in them for years penetrate beyond the superficial likeness to the differences, and I am told that most of the old hands can tell which island a native comes from almost at sight. That there should be differences, even very obvious differences, is not to be wondered at when it is remembered that, while the people of Santa Cruz and Vanikoro are almost pure Melanesians, those of Ongtong Java, Sikaiana, Rennel, Bellona and the reef islands near Santa Cruz are as nearly of unmixed Polynesian blood, and in some cases speak what might be called a *patois* of Maori. There are at least forty different languages or dialects spoken in the Solomons alone, and types and shades of colour vary almost in every island, though it is possible to make a rough estimate of the division of colour as, for instance, to assert that the people of the islands in the Bourgainville Straits are intensely black and those of Ysabel very much lighter in colour. It must be remembered, too, that the population is sharply divided into bush natives, who cultivate yams and taro, and so forth, and salt water natives who trade for them fish and coconuts. Thus sharply different customs and fashions may obtain at villages only a few miles apart or on islands only separated by a narrow, if deep, channel of sea-water.

Some of these differences a practised eye might discern in the photographs reproduced here; but, apart from that, there are points of interest in connection with them. For instance, that at the bottom of the first page was taken on Santa Cruz in that very Graciosa Bay in which Mendana died, having tried to found a colony when he made his second and disastrous expedition in 1595 and failed to find the Solomon Islands again. Palm leaves provide most of the clothing of the gentlemen in the group, who are wearing the equivalent of European evening dress, only, for fear of "debil-debils," one does not go out a great deal at night in the South Seas,

so that it is usually worn in the day. Their handsome breast-plates are made of shell. Most of the nose ornaments and earrings worn by the subjects of the illustrations on the next page are fashioned from tortoiseshell, in connection with which the natives of Ongtong Java have a particularly cruel custom on which, happily, white public opinion, in the shape of traders and officials, is having a discouraging effect. They procure the great hawksbill turtles, from which tortoiseshell is obtained, and keep them alive for years in deep pits, eagerly watching them and removing the shell from their backs blade by blade as it becomes sufficiently mature for the purpose of making ornaments.

The holes in the nose from which decorations are suspended are made when a boy, in his early teens, is permitted to assume the rights of manhood. A strip of the ever-useful bamboo is cut with very sharp ends, curled up and treated so that it becomes a kind of strong, roughly circular spring, and considerable force is required to push the sharpened ends away from each other. At the appointed time one of these springs is clipped, by its own

resilience, to the septum of the adolescent's nose, and, in the course of a day or so, the pair of sharpened points, carefully placed at the spot where the hole is to be and from time to time lubricated with coconut oil, meet, having forced their way through skin and muscle. It sounds an unnecessarily painful process, but no self-respecting Solomon Islander would ask for anything easier; and the grandeur of wearing a piece of shell thrust through the hole or a plaque of tortoiseshell hanging so low that to eat or, what is more frequent among a betel-chewing population, to expectorate he has to lift it up with his hand, is, no doubt, a sufficient reward. The illustration on the right at the top of the page 175 shows designs painted on the skin with dabs of lime, and below it is a very popular form of adornment, a pattern of healed wounds which are treated so that the scar shall be as noticeable and raised as possible. The next picture to hers I have called in my own mind "A Black Madonna," for the mother's features are of a very refined type, and her pose is lovely; but the trade pipe thrust through her armlet rather spoils the effect. She looks happy enough, in spite of the curious Solomon Islands customs as to parenthood: one of which is that for some time before and after the birth of a child the mother must remain in a lonely hut far from the village, while the child, when publicly received, belongs to the eldest uncle or aunt, who will accept it.

Fashion in Europe is, on the whole, less than skin deep. Since tiny waists ceased to be required of our women, and dreadful cautionary pictures of female skeletons, with in-curved ribs representing the effects of tight lacing, needed no longer to be included in the handbooks of the St. John Ambulance Association and similar publications, it would be difficult to put one's finger upon any fashion which has been more than a purely external affair, taken off and put on at will. But in the South Sea Islands this is by no means the case, as the ears of the gentlemen in ear rings, pulled down until they nearly reach their shoulders, bear witness.

At the other end of the native scale come the "police boys" in their bandoleers and khaki-coloured *lava-lavas*: well developed, well disciplined fellows who, thousands of miles away in the middle of the Pacific, carry on in their own fashion the traditions of the police at home.



A SOLOMON ISLANDS "BOBBY."



## LITERARY ESSAYS BY MR. SHANKS

IN his *First Essays on Literature* (Collins) Mr. Edward Shanks travels over a vast area of which he makes no complete survey, but only describes here a space and there a space. Much of his ground is over-travelled and some was not worth travelling. His tedious discourse on Samuel Butler belongs to the one category and the essay on W. N. P. Barbellion to the other. On the life of Goethe he has no important comments to make. Having dealt in successive chapters with the authors mentioned, he comes to Walter de la Mare, one of the most outstanding literary figures of to-day. Some may challenge that assertion, but Mr. Shanks will not. He at least knows the difference between a best seller and a best writer and that you cannot place writers by merely counting the noses of those who read them. It is no difficult feat to rush the critics by appealing to the masses. The glaring examples are the late Mrs. Barclay, Sir Hall Caine, Miss Corelli and the author of "If Winter Comes." Mr. de la Mare did not tread their well beaten track to the bosom of the public. He was to learn that true genius now, as in the past, is chilled, rejected and crucified by the misbegotten knave who arrives with his bag stuffed with the clothes of his age, which he calls the spirit of his age. Mr. de la Mare arrives with nothing but a flute out of which he blew a music none would recognise because they had not heard it before. He was a Voice and no Echo in a world which takes the stamp on the guinea for the gold. Some such conclusion has evidently forced itself on the intelligence of our essayist. Mr. Shanks is a master of what Pope called the art of "sinking," witness his explanation of the power of story-telling, which he defines as:

... simply the ability to invent and manage a story, to conduct it by means of living persons who engage the reader's interest, and to mould it, without loss of probability, into a beautiful and significant design. And this ability may be employed on material drawn from any source, on figures and incidents found in observation of daily life or purely in the poetic imagination.

To which we reply with a most vigorous negative. Of the story, as of all art, it remains true that "it all comes out of the carver's brain"; but the art of narration is that combination of sympathy and understanding of his hearers that enables the man of genius to make them listen, and believe, whether they will or no, that they are listening to absolute gospel truth, be it ever so miraculous and bewildering. That and no other is the wizardry of literary genius, whether the fable be in prose or rhyme.

Not yet has Mr. Shanks grasped that doctrine, or he would not work in Mr. de la Mare with his commonplace crowd. Nor would he name as "the poet of lost paradises" one who so obviously sings for singing's sake of his unfailing stream of hobgoblin witches, worm, bird and beast, or the other inhabitants of his mental jungle; 'twere as true to say that the linnet and the lark sing of lost paradises. Mr. Shanks proves himself an Early Victorian born out of due time when he proclaims:

We must admit the superior power of a poetry which does something which urges us, though only by example and implicitly, not explicitly, towards better living.

When Burns wrote "My Luve is like a red, red rose" who was he urging to better living? Did the dainty Ariel do so in "Come unto these yellow sands"?

Another point deserves dealing with. Mr. Shanks asserts that he (de la Mare) had "not the curious and exact observation of which Tennyson is the perpetual example." This is a curious and misleading statement. It reminds us of the comment made by Wordsworth on Sir Walter Scott's method of taking notes of the scenery or natural phenomena that he meant to introduce into his work. "You cannot make an inventory of Nature," or words to that effect, was Wordsworth's criticism. Tennyson in point of fact was too short-sighted to observe Nature in detail. He saw the robin "eye the delver's toil"; he could by his ear tell the change in the lark's song when he ceased climbing and turned downwards. With a few simple words, "the long grey fields at night," "the moon like a lick on fire," and so on, he catches the very essence of a scene or the beauty of a flower, but one doubts whether he was so saturated in Nature as Walter de la Mare. Shakespeare himself could not have better rendered the woodland scene of "The Listeners":

"Is there anybody there?" said the Traveller,  
Knocking on the moonlit door;  
And his horse in the silence champ'd the grasses  
Of the forest's ferny floor:

Do not these lines transport the reader at once to the mystery of the woodland? "He rarely offers us," writes Mr. Shanks, "one of those phrases of half-a-dozen words which stay in the memory

because they are so felicitous a description of something seen, such as Tennyson's 'like a downward smoke, the silver (sic) stream.'" Is not this, with its substitution of "silver" for "slender," a most pedestrian paraphrase of the famous lines in "The Princess"?

Elegies

And quoted odes, and jewels five-words-long  
That on the stretch'd forefinger of all Time  
Sparkle for ever:

Mr. Shanks is much more at home with the poetry of Mr. John Freeman than he is with that of Mr. Walter de la Mare. Mr. Freeman is a highly cultivated writer, but without much claim or pretension to stand among the very highest. The following is a very fair appreciation:

For, if he is to be described as a nature-poet, it is because he sees humanity as though it were a forest-god only half escaped from the tree. Nature is always present in his poems, but now as an influence on mankind, now as a symbol of it. He speaks of "the world that is the changing image of my thought," but it is for him a framework as well as an image. This fact is to be taken as the centre of his work; and if it is a conception that he has so far expressed only fragmentarily, yet the fact that he has expressed it even so much entitles him to be taken seriously as a poet.

*The Beggar's Opera*, by John Gay. (Daniel O'Connor.)

THERE have been other successful revivals of *The Beggar's Opera* in the two hundred years since it was first played, but the publication of this *édition de luxe*, with its twenty-eight handsome plates and its scholarly introduction by Mr. Oswald Doughty, is one more proof of the extremely prosperous course that the Opera continues to run to-day. No revival of it has ever been, we believe, a failure; but neither has any been so triumphant a success as this. What difference would it have made, we speculate, if the play had been staged just before instead of just after the war? Straining our eyes back to that queer, phantasmal past of ours, we trace there, at least, no such second spiritual home as our post-war world affords to the entertainment that so enchanted Gay's contemporaries. Probably we playgoers of to-day see and hear next to nothing of what the eighteenth century audiences saw and heard; it is, at any rate, possible, as many of us know, to sit through the whole Opera without once remembering (even if we are aware of it) that it is crammed with dead-and-gone political allusions, with a witty topicality that aroused the delight of the original hearers and the chagrin of the victims. Yet it does not matter. For, though the topicality has gone, the wit has not. And what the present generation of playgoers is peculiarly fitted to contribute to the performance of the Opera is that sympathetic co-operation that is possible only where some strong likeness of outlook exists between author and public. That likeness, supplied unconsciously by eighteenth century audiences, is now offered consciously, even eagerly, by us. Art must always choose one of two paths: it must be either an interpretation of life or an escape from it. But *The Beggar's Opera* has had the curious good luck to find itself, by turns, "happy with either," to be jack of two trades and master of both. The thing that was an interpretation of life to Gay's contemporaries has become an escape from life to us. And, considering what our day is and has been, is it any wonder that we hungrily seize it? For, as the over-tired body demands sleep, so do minds and hearts racked beyond endurance crave oblivion, crave as their anydone the cessation of all genuine feeling. And this is what *The Beggar's Opera* provides. "There is only one man who understands me," complained Hegel, "and he misunderstands me." In the same way, there is only one word that describes *The Beggar's Opera*, and that misdescribes it. The word is "heartless," and it is a misdescription because heartlessness implies the deliberate rejection of qualities of heart, whereas what *The Beggar's Opera* exhibits is rather a total, care-free ignorance of the very existence of those qualities. We feel the need of some word which would distinguish between the two attitudes as, say, "immoral" is distinguished from "non-moral." But the eighteenth century, priding itself on being the Age of Reason, felt no such need. All the detail of the plot, the lighthearted references to transportation or the gallows for minor offences, which we can bear only because such things are as unreal to our day as the adventures in "Jack and the Beanstalk" or the sorrows of Bluebeard's wives, the eighteenth century could bear because those same things were as real to them, as commonplace, as little calling for sympathy or indignation as the fate of a moth caught in a candle's flame. To look at the two admirably reproduced portraits of Gay that this edition of *The Beggar's Opera* contains is to understand the very spirit of the age to which he belonged, the reckless, cynical, impudently gay spirit summed up by himself in the couplet:

"Life is a jest and all things shew it;  
I thought so once, but now I know it."

This is not a spirit that any succeeding generation can permanently recapture; but it is a spirit that is making its natural, temporary appeal to a disillusioned, war-exhausted world. And so we listen with as great, though with profoundly different, pleasure to such songs as:

"O ponder well! be not severe;"

which secured for Lavinia Fenton, the original "Polly," her ducal husband; and to Macheath's airy epitaph on himself, as he trips to the gallows:

"I sipt each Flower,  
I chang'd ev'ry Hour."

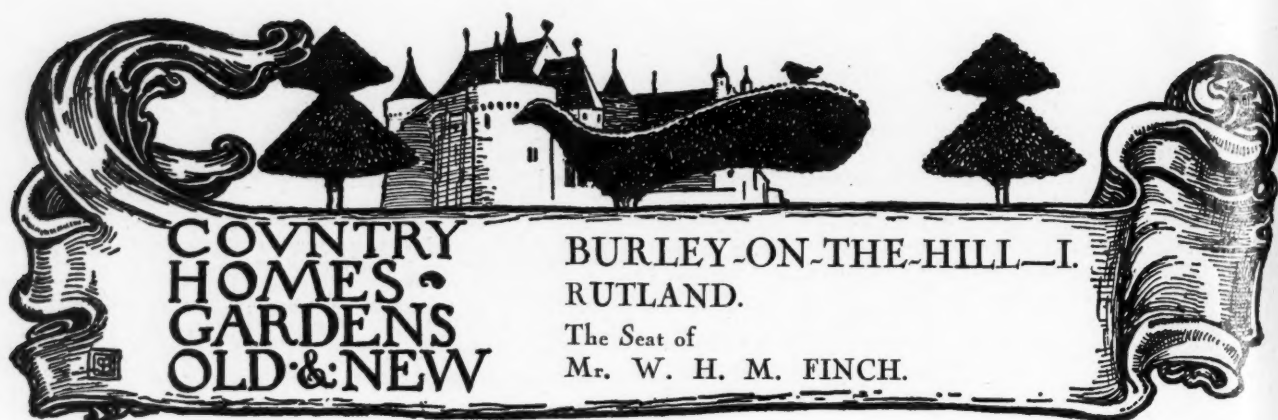
But the difference between eighteenth and twentieth century audiences is that an attitude towards life which was sincerely admired by the former as being the last word in wisdom and modernity, and which was, therefore, to them

"the depth and dream of (their) desire,"

is welcome to us as its exact opposite—as a means of flight from

"the bitter paths wherein (we) stray."

V. H. F.



"LOOK at my nose," once remarked the Marquess of Halifax when endeavouring to explain the nature of an equivalent. "It is a very ugly one. Yet I would not take one five hundred times better as an equivalent—because my own is fast to my face." Yet, if Burley-on-the-Hill be regarded as an equivalent for Kensington House, Daniel Finch, Earl of Nottingham, who sold the latter to William III in 1689, must, in his solemn way, have congratulated himself when he saw Burley finally completed on its hill as having, in his case, eminently avoided Halifax's gloomy contention that "*just as Good* is subject to the Hazard of not being quite so good."

The second Lord Nottingham is the least romantic figure, even in Macaulay's romance, of the Revolution of 1688. He and Robert Savile, Marquess of Halifax—the most fascinating, as Nottingham is most prosaic, in that unsurpassed gallery of characters—shared the distinction of having been invited to add their signatures to the invitation to William and of having refused. Their reasons are characteristic of both; while Halifax's "invention was inexhaustibly fertile of distinctions and objections," Nottingham at first approved the plan, but in a few days began to be unquiet, going about from divine to divine proposing in general terms hypothetical cases of tyranny, and enquiring whether in such cases resistance would be lawful; to which the answers he obtained but increased his distress. Therefore he went to the conspirators—who heard his confession with disdain—and told them he could go no further with them. If they thought him, he said, capable of betraying them, they might stab him; and he should scarcely blame them.

But if Daniel Finch lacked "Danby's matchless impudence," Shrewsbury's grace or Sidney's suavity; if a later generation called him "Don Dismalo" and his family "the Dismals," yet there is one moment of supreme beauty in which he was the principal performer, and he brings the sentimental lump into our throat as does none of his more debonaire associates.

It was not during the days when poor King James hourly learnt of fresh desertions, nor yet when he and Halifax carried on the negotiations between uncle and nephew. The moment came after the tumult had subsided; when Queen Mary had got settled in part of Kensington—his house, full, for him, of boyhood's memories—though painters were still busy on the King's bedroom. It was on the day when news arrived that the Battle of the Boyne was raging. Lord Nottingham, hastening along the once familiar passages, broke the news to the Queen that her father and husband were joined in a decisive engagement, and that her husband was wounded. Let poor Mary tell of the scene in her own words, written next morning in a letter to William when tidings of complete victory were come:

How to begin this letter I don't know, or how ever to render God thanks enough for His mercies. I was yesterday out of my senses with trouble, I am now almost so with joy . . . Lord Nottingham brought me your letter yesterday, and I could not hold, so he saw me cry, which I have hindered myself from before every body till then. But it was impossible, for I was in pain to know what was become of the late King and did venture to ask Lord Nott.

Then she goes on to plead for her father—"that no hurt come to his person"—and to speak of her ministers; and from them all she most trusts "Lord Nott"; "it may be his grave formal



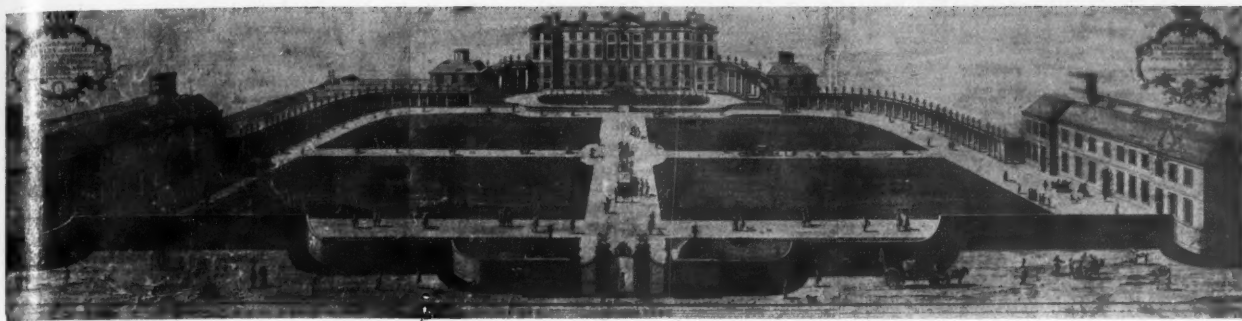
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1.—THE ENTRANCE GATES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

1700-4. Executed by Joshua Lord, probably from designs by Tijou.





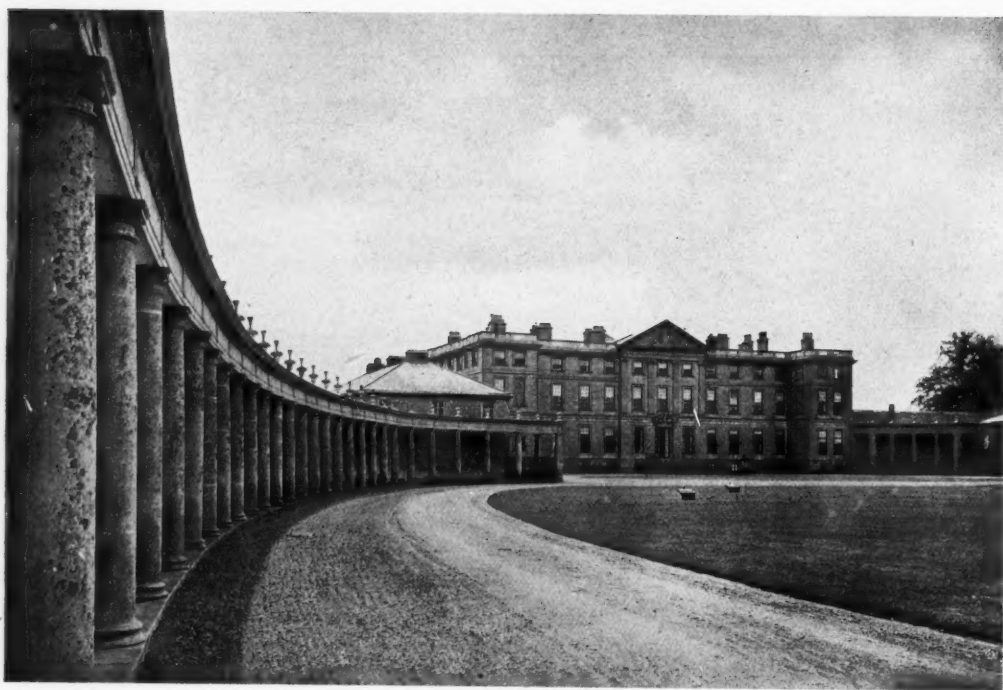
2.—THE FORECOURT AND THE OLD LODGES AND CONTAINING WALL REMOVED BY REPTON.



Copyright.

3.—THE ENTRANCE FACADE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

4.—THE EASTERN COLONNADE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

5.—LOOKING ALONG THE NORTH FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

look deceives me." It is a long rambling letter, "writ at so many times that I fear you will hardly make sense of it." But it puts the building of Burley before us in no other words could do.

While he was Secretary of State, Nottingham and his wife, Lady Essex Bath, daughter of the Earl of Warwick, seem to have lived in their Great Queen Street house close to Lincoln's Inn, which the first earl, Lord Chancellor and "father of English Equity," had found convenient. But when, in 1693, the appointment of Admiral Russell, victor of La Hogue, as first Lord of the Admiralty necessitated the retirement of Nottingham, who was personally and politically hostile to him, business no longer confined him to London, and he entertained ambitions for a country seat.

The family place was at Eastwell, near Canterbury. Much earlier Netherfield, near Brabourne, in Kent, had been acquired by marriage, and the name, which had formerly been Herbert, was changed to Finch. Sir Moyle Finch of Eastwell "being a person," says Dugdale, "of an ample fortune, was the twenty-fifth of those whom King James I raised to the degree of Baronet. And not long afterwards by reason of his great prudence, should have been more highly dignified, in case his death had not prevented it. For that consideration, therefore; and by reason his widow Elizabeth was not only sole daughter and heir to Sir Thomas Heneage knt, Treasurer of the Chamber, Vice Chamberlain of the Household (etc.) to Queen Elizabeth, but also a lady of excellent endowments; the same king advanced her (1622) to the dignity of a Viscountess (of Maidstone) with limitation to the heirs male of her body," and Charles I created her Countess of Winchelsea. Her eldest son was second Earl of Winchelsea. The third



son, Heneage Finch, became Speaker, 1625; while his son, also Heneage, the Lord Chancellor, who married Elizabeth Harvey, granddaughter of the great doctor who discovered the circulation of the blood, was, in 1670, created Lord Finch of Daventry (being then owner of the manor) and, in 1681, first Earl of Nottingham. His sister Anne had, about 1670, married Lord Conway of Ragley, in Worcestershire, whom we shall meet again.

It is Daniel, his son, second Earl of Nottingham—and, in 1729, when the Winchelsea branch failed of heirs male, seventh Earl of Winchelsea—whose desire to build a country house we have recently expressed. The manor house at Daventry, where the family sometimes lived, apparently did not attract him. Ravenstone in Buckinghamshire, where his father had a vault and a house, was also unsatisfactory. But there was another reason why Nottingham wished to strike fresh ground for his new house.

A conscientious reason. Having, as Macaulay expresses it, gone out of office, for all his honesty, a much richer man than he had come in five years before, though the Lord Chancellor, his father, had also been so rich that he forewent his entertainment allowance, Nottingham confessed that he understood his enemies meant to charge him with acquiring his wealth by illicit means. Though perfectly ready to abide the issue of an inquiry, he would not appear to solicit one by placing his wealth, as some ministers had done, beyond the reach of the justice of his country; nor would he have a secret hoard. On the contrary, his property should all be such as could be readily discovered and seized. It should be land.

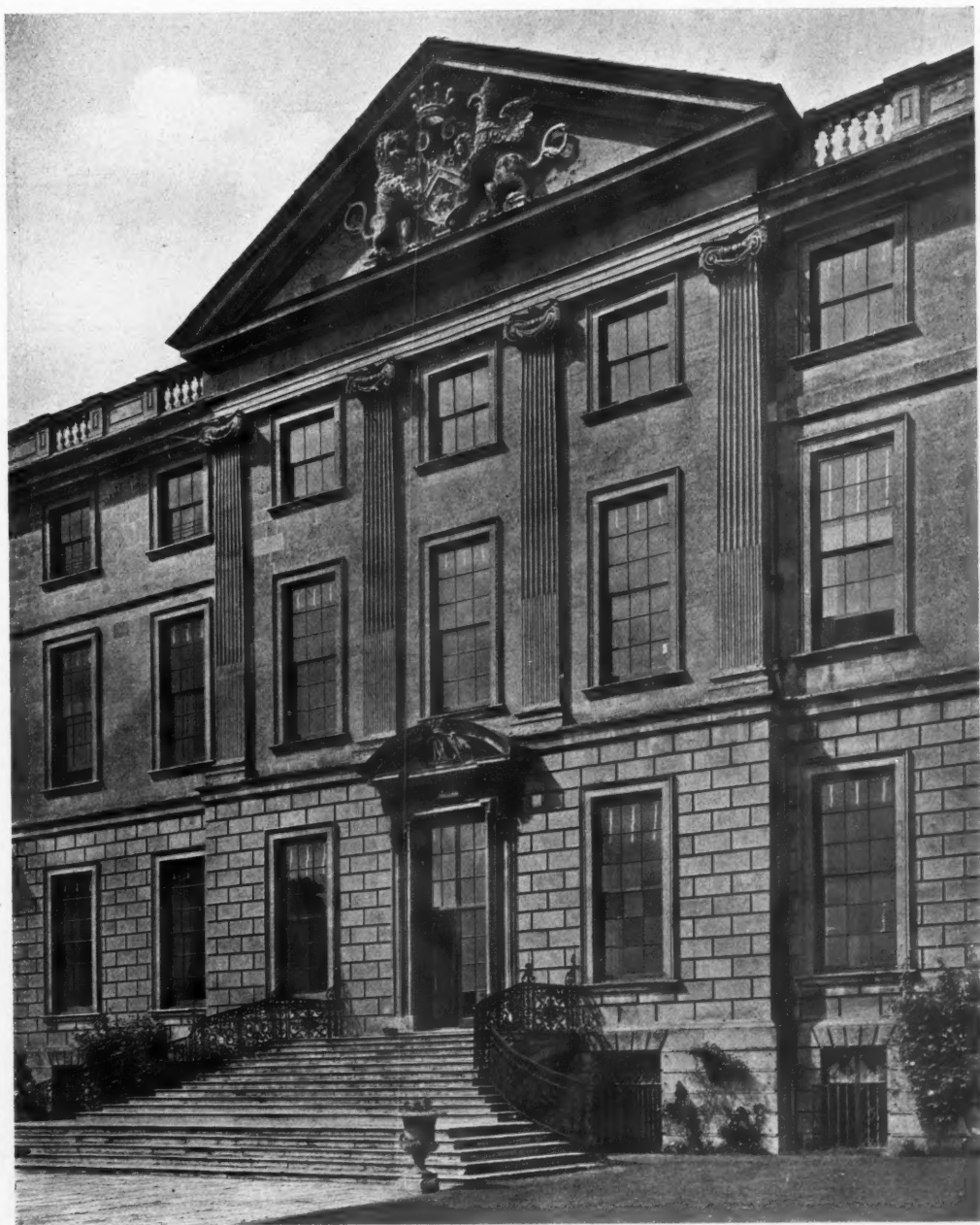
The year after going out of office, 1694, he therefore began to look around for such property. The old Duke of Buckingham was at



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6.—THE GARDEN FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

7.—THE GARDEN ENTRANCE.  
Note the refined detail of the door-surround.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

8.—IRONWORK TO THE WESTERN GARDEN ENTRANCE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

9.—DETAIL OF THE IRONWORK TO THE SOUTH DOOR.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



that time in bankruptcy owing to his evil courses, and was selling his properties, one of which, Helmsley in Yorkshire, appealed to Nottingham, so that he set out along the North Road to inspect it. Coming, however, to Oakham, the story has it that he saw Burley, also belonging to Buckingham, "and worthily reckoned," as Evelyn wrote in 1654, when he saw it, "among the noblest seats in England, situated on the brow of a hill, built *à la moderne* neere a park, wall'd in and a fine Wood at the descent."

The old Burley had once belonged to the Despencers, and in Richard II's time that famous warrior, the Bishop of Norwich, of that family here collected his "crusade" against John Lister, the leader of Wat Tyler's rebels after their discomfiture at Smithfield. James I had paid a visit to it when the Harringtons of Exton owned it, and Samuel Daniel wrote a "Panegyric Congratulating" the monarch on his arrival. The first Duke of Buckingham knew the place from its nearness to Belvoir, whence he took Lady Frances Manners as his wife, and, perhaps for her sake, purchased it, and for his pride's sake spent considerable sums on it until by many it was thought superior even to that famous place. The Buckinghams do not often seem to have lived there, though on the occasion of Charles I's visit, Ben Johnson's "Masque of the Gypsies" was performed, and Jeffrey Hudson, "the smallest man of the smallest county in England," was served up in a pie to Queen Henrietta. During the Civil Wars it was fortified by the forces of the Parliament, who, on the occasion of a Royalist scare, set fire to it and all its contents. It was never rebuilt and, as it occupied the exact site of the new house, nothing of it remains save the stables (as is now the case also at Belvoir, though there attention, not neglect, has disposed of the old house), now incorporated in the vast colonnades of the forecourt.

Lord Nottingham therefore purchased Burley. Unfortunately, no pictures remain of it as it was, though a plan, made out presumably at the time of the rebuilding, shows that it was entered from the east instead of, as at present, from the north, beneath a pedimented and pinnacled archway which gave into a forecourt. The house, which on this side had projecting wings and a central porch, was raised upon a stepped terrace. To the south, where three great terraces breasted the slope, another courtyard was formed by a recess in the façade some ten yards square, on to which another doorway gave from, presumably, the south end of the great hall, at the other end of which, no doubt, were the kitchens occupying the north-east wing. If we may judge from the stables, of which an elevation is given on the same plan, it was a stone-built curved-gabled edifice, probably of three storeys in height with well defined cornices above the ground and first-floor windows. Such as it had been, however, it was demolished in 1695, when building operations commenced.

There is little doubt that Lord Nottingham was his own architect, a function which to a greater or less extent, most gentlemen of parts at that time performed when building a house. To quote but a few instances, there was Mr. Speaker Foley, who a few years later designed himself Stoke Edith, a house very similar to Burley; Lord Conway, who had married Nottingham's aunt, built Ragley; Sir John Lowther, another of the earl's political friends, had just completed Lowther Castle.

Not only is there no reference to an architect in the copious manuscripts relating to the building, but there are frequent occurrences of such phrases as "it is my intention that," and "which I design to be . . ." in



Copyright.

10.—IRONWORK IN THE STABLE BUILDINGS.

"C.L."



Copyright.

11.—MORE OF THE SAME.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Both are charmingly simple and effective designs.



12.—THE CARPENTER'S SHOP IN THE WESTERN COLONNADE.

Nottingham's letters to Henry Dormer, the superintendent of the works, and ample evidence that every contract, every difficulty and each detail went before the earl. Moreover, his character was such that, besides having, as King William told Halifax, a great jealousy of appearing to be governed, Nottingham never let a knowledge of a subject that was only partial hinder him from engaging in it. His dismissal from the Secretaryship of State was largely owing to his Sir Joseph Porter-like acquaintance with the maritime affairs that he was called upon to administer. Finally, he had spent a year in Italy in his youth (1665), whence he brought back evidences of a cultured taste in the shape of cabinets and pictures, and, we may assume, more than a smattering of architectural knowledge. It is even possible that Burley was not the first building in which he had a hand. We have mentioned that his uncle built Ragley; now, from what remains unaltered in the mid-eighteenth century at that place, it is clear that Ragley and Burley are not unlike one another, and probable that Ragley originally had a smaller edition of Burley's most noticeable characteristic, namely colonnades, of a design very similar. The Burley colonnades have been compared with Bernini's huge colonnade in front of St. Peter's at Rome, and it is noteworthy that Nottingham was in Italy just when the colonnades were practically completed, and were, no doubt, considered the very latest invention. They seem to have made so deep an impression on Lord Nottingham that he erected a vast one at Burley, while the presence of what was almost a King Charles head with him at Ragley suggests his presence there also.

Lady Conway died in 1679, a few months after Ragley was begun, for Harley writes in 1680: "had the satisfaction to see



13.—IN THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM'S STABLES, BUILT c. 1630.

the beginnings and the design and model for a most noble structure" there. The mention of a model prompts the question as to whether there was one for Burley. There is no mention of one, but in 1694-95 Nottingham wrote to Sir John Lowther asking him what he had done about a model and other items for Lowther Castle, and received in reply a highly technical letter which shows how intimately educated men were conversant at that time with such matters. Sir John answered that Forth, master joiner at Hampton Court, had constructed his model, and then launches out into advice about lead pipes, the construction of doors and windows, "counter-joice" and the like.

If ever there was a model, it was not adhered to very closely, for the design was altered as the house grew. That this was the case is shown by the fact that Nottingham's original estimate was £15,000, while the actual cost of the building reached £80,000. No doubt, not being a professional, the earl could not be expected to know the amount and cost of all the materials required, but a five-fold increase must be partly accounted for by works afterwards thought of. This is revealed by an early plan at Burley, in which the house appears less elongated, with office blocks projecting and divided in the middle by 40ft. gangways. The court thus enclosed had a very restricted colonnade and measured only some 300ft. long by 200ft. broad, as compared with 800ft. and 500ft. to-day. The nature of the roof, too, which was not constructed till ten years after the commencement of the building, was not decided till the very last moment. In 1705 John Lumley, who seems to have succeeded Dormer (who quite possibly was dead) as superintendent, writes, and did a plan, "ruff as it is, on ye other side," of his letter



14.—REPTON'S SKETCH OF THE SOUTH TERRACES.



15.—AS THEY ARE TO-DAY, WITH HIS ALTERATIONS.



advocating a steep roof which would have materially altered the aspect of the house. However, a flat roof was decided on.

The procedure during building seems to have been for Dormer, or whoever was superintendent at the time, to be on the spot or at the quarries at Ketton or Clipsham, and to write frequent letters to the earl—usually complaining of somebody. Either the frost has got in and cracked off 4ft. of walls, or John Moore loiters his time away at the pits. In October, 1695, Dormer writes about the scaffolding and tackle that will be required, adding that cords and old nails may be bought in Southwark at cheap rates; at the same time he sends up May, the carpenter, with moulds that he has made, for the earl's approval, of the principal and door cornices and of the chimneys.

But the work went on slowly. By the beginning of 1697 the first floor seems to have been roofed over, and the library, which was a long room lying apart from and to the west of the body of the house, fairly complete. By 1698 Salvator Musco was paid £10 for carving the great coat of arms for the pediment, though it was probably not put in position till 1700, when lead was "laid down in ye house pediment." Probably from motives of economy, for the earl seems to have been building out of income only, the roof was not put on until 1704-5, by which time the masons and builders would have been paid off and the money be free with which to engage the carpenters and lead workers. From 1700 till 1704 therefore, minor works, such as the great iron gates and the wrought-iron balustrades for the garden steps, were dealt with. The former (Fig. 1) were executed by Joshua Lord and may very possibly have been designed by Tijou, who did some of his best work at Burleigh, by Stamford, in the same county. They have the flowerwork and yet the restraint which his English followers did not always achieve, and are, moreover, contained by two fine fluted pillars. A drawing shows that the iron gates were an afterthought, wooden ones having been originally intended.

Formerly, as can be seen in Fig. 2, two little lodges flanked the gates. Lengthy instructions drawn out by the earl for all his servants, under the heading "for the Porter," inform us that the gates were to be constantly locked, and no one be permitted to come up to the house, but to stay in the lodge till the clerk of the kitchen be called, which might be done by ringing a bell. Unknown persons must not be suffered to come in, but, the earl adds, "in this there is need of great discretion, that you may not needlessly give offence nor on the other hand expose my house and yards to pilferers."

The lodges, however, and the walls which connected them with the stables were by Repton when he reformed the gardens in 1796. The reason was, as he expressed it, removed some time previous to 1795. Repton is generally blamed, or credited, for this, but in his MS. book on Burley he distinctly qualifies a remark "lest it should look like an implied censure on the person by whose advice the walls were removed." Repton would seem to have had the lodges also taken away, though why is not clear. "Capability" Brown's idea of "letting Nature in" was responsible for the wall's removal, to which Repton assents, though not without regret for "the certain dignity of stile in Burley, which like the cumbrous robes of ancient nobility, neither can nor ought to be sacrificed

to the innovations of fashion." Nature, having been let into the court, however, by removing the walls, he ends up with a couplet:

Efforts of ART no longer raise surprize  
When NATURE'S works lie spread beneath our eyes.

Which is very true, but would have been more praiseworthy if the railings had been somewhat less scrappy than those actually erected.

Such operations occupied the years 1700-4. In the latter year, however, attention was turned to the roof. Armstrong, the agent, writes in October of that year from Kings Lynn, whither he had gone to buy the necessary deal, that one merchant is unsatisfactory, but that Mr. Osborne had "a fine parcel," and also good Dram deals; the rest were from Christiania and Frederikstad. The oak for the purlins and beams was purchased or cut locally. During the following year the cloisters near the house were roofed and, presumably, the house itself, though many chimneypieces and more durable interior fittings had already been inserted, as will be shown next week.

At the same time as the house was being built the gardens were being improved and extended. In 1696 there is a note of the garden having been laid out by Dormer and Jenkins, the gardener, while the walls seem to have been all built by December of that year. In Buckingham's time the main feature—three terraces on the steep southern slope of the plateau on which the house was built, appear to have existed. These were preserved. At the bottom a semicircular parterre was constructed of 100yds. radius, the centre being the steps from the terrace above. In the middle of the parterre was an oval basin with a fountain in the midst, while to the west of the parterre a melon ground was formed, the frames for which were made early in 1706. At the same end of the upper terrace a bowling green was contrived, while in front of the library windows, in the angle formed by that building with the west wall of the house, another little parterre garden was laid out.

In 1795, however, Repton swept away all but the uppermost terrace, though he has preserved the ancient lay-out for us in a little manuscript book, illustrated by sketches, with flaps to fit over them, showing his proposed alterations. He generally adopted this procedure, though in this case he seems to have been especially pleased with the book, for he says in preface, "I flatter myself this small manuscript will remain in Your Lordship's Library as a record not only of the proposed improvement, but also of the jealous anxiety I feel for the taste of a country so large a portion of whose scenery has been committed to my direction." "Coxcomical works," said George III and Horace Walpole of such books (Farington).

Fairly successful as Repton may have been on the north front, we cannot but deplore his activities on the south. His view was that there should be a well determined line of demarcation between the natural and the artificial. "Whatever is avowedly a work of art should appear to be great and costly, or it becomes mean. That is very strongly exemplified in the low red brick walls (of the terraces) which so much degrade the character of the place. The alternate Red walls and green slopes with Yellow cornfields are violently out of harmony in point of colour." The only result of these expositions was that he made Burley to appear so great and costly that it wanted a cross between railway viaduct and a gun emplacement to keep it from slipping down the hill. CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.

## RHODODENDRONS FOR THE SMALLER GARDEN

THIS invasion of rhododendrons into this country from the Far East is rather terrifying. I have a friend who has grown sufficient seedlings, from seed sent back during the last three years by Forrest and Kingdon Ward, to cover the whole of Berkshire. Yet I hold every brief for him, as I myself have the rhododendron bee very badly in my bonnet. But this invasion has its drawbacks for people with limited accommodation. They ask themselves—and other people—when this influx is going to cease; with so many species nearly allied to each other, which is the better plant and likely to grow best in this country?—and so on. It is all very difficult, except for the enthusiast, who eagerly collects everything within reach, boldly tickets a seedling zins. high with a label four times its size, and patiently sits down to await results. Those who like to see rhododendrons in flower, but dislike the patient waiting, satisfy themselves with hybrids, which as often as not are alike as two peas in shape and form. That is the worst of the ordinary commercial hybrid, it is artificial-looking and a garden product—and yet it is a shame to run down hybrids, for any rhododendron is better than no rhododendron, and many, like Loderi and some of the new forms produced by Mr. C. B. van Ness, are among the noblest of plants.

What is suggested is that many who, up to the present, have been satisfied with hybrids might leaven their collection

with a few species. Nothing is easier, or better, than to fill spaces among ponticum or the common hybrids with young plants of some well established species which has flowered in this country and proved its worth. The older rhododendrons act as mother to the young plants and keep off the wind and too much sun, which they abhor. Then, as the young plant grows, more of the old can be cut away, and in this way a transmutation can be performed with very little trouble and no unsightliness. An ideal place to begin a collection of rhododendrons is an oak or birch coppice, or even an old orchard. The old idea that peat was a necessity in their successful cultivation is a fallacy; they subsist just as well in a compost of loam and leaf mould, provided that the drainage is good. A touch of farm manure, occasionally, around the roots is a good thing; while in some places growers use a few pieces of rotten wood to supply a humus more nearly approaching to that which the plants get in their native home. Rhododendrons are really accommodating plants, for they are very little affected by moving, provided that a good big ball is lifted with the plant, but they should not be moved in January or February, when there is little or no root action.

One of the great difficulties in this cult of rhododendrons is the fact that many of these new Chinese species are described, named and even placed on the market as seedlings before they have flowered in this country, and gardeners, naturally, dislike

buying a pig in a poke. But there are a sufficient number of magnificent species which have been so thoroughly established in our gardens that it is surprising they are not scattered throughout the length and breadth of this land. One of the derogatory remarks made about the genus is that many of them are tender. With the exception of a few, like *arboreum* and *Aucklandi*, that remark is not absolutely true. Winter cold rarely bothers them, but our unfortunate climate often brings a warm spell in January or February and having deceived us into thinking that the summer is upon us blasts everything with frosts in April and May. I am sure, personally, that many of these plants which are tender in the south are considerably more hardy the further north one gets, for there is not so much enticement to break into early growth as there is around London and in the south. I know that last year on the east coast of Scotland I suffered far less from spring frost than many with gardens near London.

It is impossible in the length of an article to give detailed descriptions of rhododendron species which might form the nucleus of a collection, but all the plants mentioned below are well established and worthy of inclusion, and are, I think, obtainable from any nurseryman who goes in for rhododendrons. Of the Indian species, *Thomsoni*, *Hodgsoni*, *Falconeri*, *Roylei*, *campanulatum* and *campylocarpum* should be included. There is a particularly fine form of *Thomsoni* called *grandiflora*, with very large flowers even more waxy and of a more vivid crimson than the ordinary form. Care should be taken over *campanulatum*, which is a plant of infinite variety, some of them of a dirty muddy colour. At Leonardslee they have a large tree with flowers nearly pure white, a perfect sight. *Roylei*, and its larger form *magnifica*, is one of the most striking of plants with its blue-green leaves and flowers of deep orange.

Of Chinese species *auriculatum* must be included, although still scarce and expensive. I should at once name it if asked to mention the best all-round rhododendron. Not only is it a magnificent white with a sweet scent, but the leaves do not break until July, and it usually flowers during September, when other rhododendrons are long past. There is no fuss or bother with it over spring frosts. It will stand more sun than many of its tribe—at Bodnant there is a plant in the open, flourishing with the best of them—in fact, care should be taken in the North of England and Scotland that the shade is not too dark, otherwise in a summer like last there is a danger of the shoots never breaking at all.

Then there is a very fine group—of which *Roylei* is one—with small leaves and smallish flowers carried in great quantities, of which the best are *chartophyllum præcox*, usually white flushed with pink (although I have a form which is flushed with canary yellow); *Augustinii*, a fine lavender blue (then again, there is one form which is almost a true blue); *yunnanense*, with pink flowers; and *oreotrephes*, rose lavender. These are all shown to their best advantage if grown in small clumps.



THE YELLOW HIMALAYAN RHODODENDRON CAMPYLOCARPUM.



RHODODENDRON YUNNANENSE WITH ITS MASS OF SMALLISH PINK FLOWERS.

Of the larger Chinese species *calophyllum* is certainly one of the finest. Mr. Millais speaks of it as "This magnificent rhododendron, certainly one of the finest flowering trees introduced to Great Britain of recent years." Its flowers are carried in a large truss and are white with a carmine blob inside the corolla. They can always be told by their red pedicels. In a wild state this species grows to a tree of 50ft. or more.

*Strigillosum* is another attractive species, a compact bush with long, narrow leaves, hairy stalks, and flowers of a very vivid crimson. The old favourite *Fortunei* should certainly not be left out. It is a wonderful plant of itself, but it should also be spoken of with reverence as one of the parents of *Loderi*, which, although a hybrid—and I say this with all due solemnity—is without doubt the finest rhododendron in the world.

But this list could go on *ad infinitum*; the more species I mention the more I find have been left out which ought to be included. However, with such a start for a collection of rhododendron species one might gain a sufficient momentum of enthusiasm to prefer species to most hybrids. And then, again, one might not.

E. H. M. Cox.

## GARDEN NOTES

By MISS GERTRUDE JEKYLL.

OF all the winter weeks, this, the last of January, is, perhaps, the barest of flowers, and yet the garden is by no means devoid of interest. Some shrubs are yet in bloom; *Garrya* hangs out its green tassels; there is still a fair picking on *chimonanthus*, and in intervals of frostless weather a good show on the yellow jasmine. This is so valuable a flower for cutting that it is well worth providing a temporary shelter for one plant of it at least, and, as it is generally grown against a wall, it is not difficult to arrange to have a light board forming a lean-to roof and a curtain of scrim or some such material, to let down, or to hang up, in frosty weather. Severe frost spoils the flowers that are then open, but if it is cut in any mild interval and put in water, every bud will expand. Cut in long sprays and arranged with some little branches of gold privet, it makes a pretty and long lasting table decoration. The same gold privet is now one of the brightest things in the garden. One of its uses is to stand in the back of the flower border in the region where the brightest yellow flowers prevail.

The rampant *Rudbeckia Golden Glow* is planted at its foot and trained to run into it, making it look like a flowering bush. As it is kept cut back yearly, it makes no bloom, so that we have the benefit of its bright colour without the drawbacks of the unpleasant smell. There would have been patches of snowdrops and the small snowflake and perhaps a twinkle or two of earliest scilla, but the bank of little bulbs, that in former years was by now showing some flower and promise of much more, had become such a tangle of weeds during the four years of necessary neglect that last autumn it was trenched up and planted with shrubs.

Though there are next to no flowers there are a number of border plants that seem to wear their best leaf dress in winter. Nothing can look better than the neat, compact tufts of the common white pink and those of its variety, the black-centred pheasant-eye.



Their clean-looking bluish leafage is delightful against the warm brown of the garden mould. Other grey-leaved plants, too, are in perfect foliage: *Euphorbia Wulfenii*, enthroned on a raised bank, is in company with *Yucca gloriosa* and the hardy New Zealand Flax (*Phormium tenax*); the great yuccas rising statuesque on their dark trunks, the phormium with its ample sheaves of great sword blades; and at their feet the silvery masses of *Cineraria maritima* combine to make a complete picture of plant beauty, even in the depth of winter. There is also, in the same grouping, *Sisyrinchium striatum*, looking like a little iris, with foliage also at its best in winter.

Another beautiful winter plant is the Alexandrian laurel (*Danae Laurus*), formerly known as *Ruscus racemosus*. The gracefully arching plum-like fronds that endure for two years, with their clear-cut polished leaflets, give it the air of a plant of the highest refinement and nobility.

There is something of the same quality about a prosperous tangle of *Smilax aspera* that is loosely trained to a wall. It is none too hardy, but was put where it has side protection from a tall bush of *Choisya*, and overhead comfort from some old ivy that bushes out from the other side and overtops the wall. It now covers a space a yard wide and seven feet up and seems as happy as in its original home on the Mediterranean. The form of the heart-shaped or three-pointed leaf is variable; sometimes it would fit into an equal-sided triangle, but usually it is longer. The points of the leaves end in fine, weak spines slightly hooked back, and the same kind of spines, more or less developed, occur at intervals along the leaf edge. There are also little hooks on the stems themselves, all helping, with tendrils in the axils, to enable the plant to climb and hang on to rock or bush or whatever may be near.

## WILFRID EWART'S LAST EXPLORATION

DESCENDING INTO THE GRAND CANYON.

BY STEPHEN GRAHAM.

ITS discovery was part of the fruitless quest of El Dorado by Coronado—the greatest hole in the world and nothing in it. He had hoped to emulate the great Cortes, find a new Mexico in the north and despoil another empire of its jewels. He sought the far-famed Seven Cities of Cibola and the aureate court of Quivira. He rode two thousand miles, cactus and alkali-whited plains all the way. He fought not men, but deserts; he found, instead of glittering Cibola, the mud huts of the Zunyi Indians, rich only in their personal adornments of turquoise and silver; and instead of fantastic Quivira with princes in golden armour he found, near the great bend of the Arkansas River, the tent-dwellers of what is now Wichita. The mirage of El Dorado appeared constantly before him and his followers. His horsemen wandered in many directions seeking tidings of gold or of kingdoms to conquer. And one of them came, as was inevitable, to the great gap in the earth, hundreds of miles long, leagues across, leagues as it seemed downward, the Canyon del Grande, and the descent of it was as a descent to the hidden heart of the world. It added one more fantastic page to the story of the King of Spain's new lands wherein "of antres vast and deserts idle" much was spoken.

After somewhat of a pilgrimage to Cibola at the time of the Shalecos, through the most waste, obscure country in America and over deserts covered deep in snow, I joined my friend, Wilfrid Ewart, and, with knapsacks on our shoulders, we left New Mexico for the wilderness of Northern Arizona. And we determined to go down into the depths of the Canyon, from the snow and ice of the dreadful plateau down to flowers blooming and gentle airs.

So early one morning we stood on the verge, and in its sublimity its first awful grandeur was disclosed; its gigantic abysses and grey-green pyramids, its rosy castellated heights gleaming with sunrise.

"Some hole in the wall, I'll say," cried a Mr. Babbitt, consuming a "stack of hot cakes" at the Harvey lunch-counter. "Me to hike it down there—not . . . on . . . your . . . life!"

The trail is heavily frosted, steep and narrow. It is even difficult to stop oneself in the first slides that are strides. Both of us sat down suddenly and unpremeditatedly once or twice. We held on to scrub and jagged rock, footing the snow gingerly.

But something of magic had taken us. The rock walls in long slabs looked at us, came up to us, stared at us. There was a new morning silence in which occasionally we heard the wings of tiny birds fluttering. As it were climbing the outer stairway or stone spiral of some great donjon or keep built on a mighty rock—so we looked out over abysses, and were granted at moments unexpected views of frowning and dreadful cliffs. The eyes spoke to the mind of vaster surfaces and greater bulks of rock than it yet had known. And an intellectual perspective was obtained.

Going downwards rapidly we met trees made tiny, and they started to our feet like feathers. Rocks which from above had been merely formalised bulks gained in character as if we were approaching drawbridges of fantastic castles. Old red pyramids torn by the ages stood before us in awful actuality, exhibiting the myriad scars and crusts of time.

The trail, an Indian one, was there before the Spaniards came, for the Indians used it and walked it nearly a hundred miles. But it is improved now and made safe for the tourist on a mule—safer still for the man upon his feet. The descent is naturally rapid. One strides over hundreds, over thousands of feet, which it is labour indeed to climb up. One moment one is facing the great cream and pale green fissured wall of the upper limestone, the "key-stone," as it is called. At the next breathing space you are below that and facing red cliff which develops before the downward-going eyes into a mighty wall, while the cream rock is left far above you, a cliff in the sky.

At 3,000ft. below all the cold airs have gone, there are green leaves on the trees. The flowers of the willow herb have gone to seed, but the leaves are tender. Japanese sunflowers are still poised blooming in the sunshine, and where spring water comes freshening from rock walls the gentle violet snuggles and is at home.

But we come out on an exposed plateau, above the madly rushing Colorado river, but below the main masses of the ravine. Between wall and wall of the Canyon rise gigantic isolated rocks as if there were a city built in the trough of the river. Rim to rim the gap is sixteen miles across—so there is "ample room and verge enough" for adamantine temples, pavilions and towers. The plateau is boulder-strewn and only enlivened by the iris-like yucca stems and by small pink cactus and prickly pear. On our left is an appalling great red fortress of stone whose sheer wall cuts across the life-light of the zenith; on our right and below us is the rock cleavage of the hidden Colorado river; while above, in a seraphically serene noonday, bask the domes of isolated rocks, fantastically named and yet happily named too, the Temple of Shiva, the Temple of Isis, the Temple of Buddha.

On the left as we walk on comes into view, far aloft, a cream-coloured sky castle, all happy in the sun. But, lowering the eyes, there resumes its sway the fortress whose great wall we are turning, and we begin to see its vast blood-red and green base. We walk into a cold shadow which seems as substantial as the rocks themselves, and we cross the broad stony scarp of precipitous cliff going downward, till we come right under what seems an ancient castle—out of fairyland or the England of the Mort d'Arthur, a quadrilateral of blood in a hideous pool of darkness.

But no giant sallied forth with blood-stained axe. No one is at home in any fortress, castle, tower or temple—no more than in the rooms of the stone and mud-closed caves of the cliff dwellers. Not even a tourist—no, not a mule. Only, certainly, wild asses in great numbers wherever there is any pasture, uncatchable donkeys which sneeze at you at the most unexpected moments.

Ewart and I sat by a spring at noon and rested and talked while the tumbling water spoke to us also, and we boiled a pot over dry weeds and bits of cactus later on and had our lunch. It was a happy moment—there was a sense of escape, as if we had gone to Southern California or Mexico and got away from the rigorous winter of the exalted deserts of the South. Surely the depth of the Canyon could almost be lived in as a winter resort. But, of course, it is extremely difficult to have the food and comforts down there which those who seek resorts usually expect.

Again we lifted our knapsacks and footed it across the stones to rose-red mountains and cream and green pavilions of stone. Next time we sat to rest we faced as it were an encampment of all the mountains. There were giant steps from the northern heights down, down to the black river, and there was the sound of rivers running in the rocks like many rats. We walked to the great slides which overtopped the waters, to the hundred ledges of the serried grey rock which makes the river's bed. Then we passed into vast mountain chambers where, despite company, you felt you were alone, while judges and distributors of dooms considered you.

Afternoon grew to dusk of evening, and the trail was harder to keep. Monument Creek rushed from underground its short course to the receiving Colorado. We were baffled with the way. Sunset rays far above made roseate the peaks and the ridges, but rapidly faded down below, as if light would not carry to us. And night closed sharply in, with starlight and a swelling magnificence of all that was material in the womb of the earth.

Our quest had then become the Hermit Cabin or Camp, as it is called, a place wherein to spend the night. Darkness almost hid the vague Tonto trail, and the way, as we traced it, grew much wilder. There were many slippery rocks and queer drops which, it seemed to us, not even a mule could have taken.

We began to think not unhappily of a night in a cave or under some overhanging ledge of the cliff, when far away we espied a lost light that flickered uncertainly in the darkness. That indubitably must be the little rest house on the fast-running Hermit river, and we took heart from the light and made for it.

We came to the house and no dog barked. All was utterly silent. We opened the door and faced a man and his wife who were working at a kitchen table on which was spread the most unlikely things to find at the bottom of the Grand Canyon—sugar plums—yes, bright red, green and yellow squares of candy dusted with white sugar. In their spare time in the long winter

evenings the keeper and his spouse made these sugar plums from the pith of the cactus and sold them later for a fair reward. For cactus candy is a good sweet, one made by the Indians before the white man came.

So we dined with the keeper, and were given candy for dessert. And we listened to many curious tales of the Canyon and admired the skins of the wild cats the keeper had shot. Then we walked out into the balmy night air and looked up to the flame-points of the stars and the golden lines of their rays. The moon came up slowly from behind some vast black prison wall of stone and she dimmed the stars. But the grandeur of moonlight filled the Canyon as it were a precious basin. We slept down below moon and stars and crags upon a happy earth.

[This article was written before the death of Mr. Ewart.—ED.]

Next day the naked light of dawn lighted up stark cliffs and jagged sky pointers and the green cabins of Hermit Camp under their yellow umbrellas of wilted aspens. And we climbed up from the depth into the cold heights once more. The mountains on all hands grew up with us as we climbed, and towered above us and were measured by us and sank at last beneath us and remained down in the gap with the rushing river and the silences that are below. We looked down at sunset 4,000ft. from the rim to the river, and we reflected that in a way the Canyon had possessed us wholly and we in our hearts possessed only part of it. It voided us out at the top, it plumbed our hearts, it took away our breaths, it turned the last page of the word-books of our minds.

## DOG TRAINING BY AMATEURS

### II.—TEACHING TO DROP AT A DISTANCE.



DIRTY FEET.

CORRECTION.

THE LESSON.

RESTRAINED AFFECTION.

THE puppy having now learnt to sit where placed, and not to move till permission is given, the next stage is to teach him to sit when the order is given from a distance, to rise and come nearer when required, and to stop at any midway point. In commencing this lesson, I take the puppy to a spot about 100yds. further from the kennels than previously. As everything depends on getting through this lesson without any possible misunderstanding, the puppy is put down at a spot which will enable the trainer to take up a position nearer the kennel, for, obviously, there is greater chance of a puppy bolting when the course is clear than when the trainer stands in the way. The puppy having been put down, the trainer walks away in the direction of the kennel, meanwhile keeping a watch over his shoulder. After walking about 15yds. he turns round and calls the dog by name, at the same time beckoning it, this being the ultimate form the order will take. As the puppy gets up the trainer pats his knee by way of encouragement to come forward, and when the pupil has approached to within a yard the order "sit" is given, the hand being raised at the same time. In view of previous lessons the puppy nearly always sits down as ordered, the hand being lowered the moment it has done so—first, to signify that what was required has been done, and, second, to impart all possible significance to the gesture. The use of the word "sit" simultaneously with raising the hand is to emphasise what is wanted under the slightly novel conditions introduced. As soon as possible the word is omitted, being kept in reserve for cases of misunderstanding.

The pupil having got up at the word of command and gone down later in a fresh position, the trainer, leaving him there, moves back a further distance, this time about 20yds. If the puppy, on being beckoned, gets up, well and good; if not, he is called by name and otherwise encouraged till the order is obeyed. Response to the hand signal alone is obtained very readily; and as soon as this suffices, the simultaneous stamp of the foot is introduced for the reasons set out in the previous article. No confusion results from the double system of signalling; at any rate, it is astonishing how quickly and naturally a dog responds to the order which is conveyed possibly through the medium of earth vibration.

This teaching is continued for three or four days, by which time the pupil will quite readily do all that is required. If there is the least sign of wilful disobedience, on goes the check cord, and thus the trainer's will is enforced. So long as this and the previous

stage are patiently carried through there is very little trouble afterwards, though exceptions are occasionally met with. The next stage is to teach the puppy to drop at some point midway between the first spot and his trainer. All proceeds, therefore, as before, except that when the pupil has reached a midway point, up goes the hand and out jerks the command "sit." Provided the dog does as ordered, the trainer backs a further distance away, at a certain moment beckons the dog to approach and again orders him down, this time by hand-signal alone. Something more than obedience is required for due fulfilment of this routine, since the pupil has to exercise not only brain power to appreciate what is wanted, but to show goodwill and desire to please besides. Therefore the puppy must be fondled and caressed at the termination of each spell of the lesson. Even so, strict discipline must be observed on returning to the kennel, the dog being kept at heel so as to check its natural tendency to scamper away in front. These little things have a valuable influence in instilling obedience and that total subservience to the trainer's wishes which means so much hereafter. By the end of the third week all that has been explained should have been thoroughly mastered, the perfect result, so patiently strived for, enabling the later stages to be proportionately more quickly carried through.

In the case of a spaniel certain slight differences of method must be observed, this because he has to drop to shot as well as to hand. Consequently, when the puppy has been called from a distance and is required to go down, the trainer puts up both hands and, while calling "sit," smacks them sharply together. As in the other case, the word may be omitted at an early stage, the raised arms and report from the hands then serving as the order. Thus the spaniel's mind is prepared for the future lesson of dropping to shot, and it is astonishing how like the snap of a cap in a gun the impact of the hands can be made. Having regard to the importance in the case of a spaniel of dropping to shot, particular pains must be bestowed when imparting this instruction. So ends the third week.

The present is a favourable opportunity for saying that I never allow any of my dogs to put their feet upon me. There is no habit I know of more objectionable than for a dog to vent the exuberance of his affection by putting his dirty paws upon his master or mistress. Still worse is the case when a visitor, who, perchance, is not in sympathy with dogs, receives this unpleasant salute. If I personally were to allow my charges to indulge this habit, never from one year's end to another





THE CHECK CORD MUST, AT TIMES BE USED.

would my clothes be in decent condition. True there is the kennel coat, which is used in most large kennels, but there are times when it is not available; moreover, it encourages its wearer to tolerate a habit the subsequent victims of which cannot in the nature of things be so protected. This jumping-up habit is easily cured by the use of the word "dirty," or "dirty feet," and smacking the paws with the open hand every time he commits the offence. A victim, when not the owner of the dog so misbehaving, usually suffers in silence rather than administer a reproof, for fear it shall be interpreted as a reproof to the master. Therefore all the more reason why owners should take the initiative. The value of this part of a dog's training is best appreciated on a cold and dirty day in the shooting field. We all know the state into which a dog will get, and the unmentionable filth with which it will smother all those on whom it lavishes its affectionate salutes. While dealing with this subject I must mention the main cause of a stranger getting more than he or she expects. Whatever may be permissible in the case of pet dogs, those trained for shooting should never be spoken to or caressed by bystanders. Many people pride themselves on the readiness with which they can make friends with strange dogs, but certainly to interfere in any way with a shooting dog is a disservice to the owner or handler. Such liberties are never taken by those who know that the etiquette in the matter is founded on the canine temperament.

By way of conclusion to this instalment of instructions as to the training of shooting dogs by artificial means, I will quote two instances where, with very little supplementary experience of the real thing, it has enabled puppies of tender age to perform brilliantly at field trials. The examples in question are Shaldon Lass and Peter of Whitmore. Both were under nine months old when they first competed, and each received fourth prize: this, be it understood, in all-aged stakes. Lass was also awarded the special prize for the best performance

on a runner, another for the best dog under two years of age, and a third for the dog showing most natural ability. Previous to these trials, Lass had never been out with a party of guns and had not had more than twenty head of game killed to her in a natural way. Her career, extending over six years, is so well known that it needs no recapitulation here. Peter of Whitmore, when I took him to the Kennel Club trials held at Lowther Castle in 1911, had only been out with a party five times, the rest of his preparation having been mainly artificial. What he did on this occasion will always rank in my estimation as some of the very best individual work accomplished at trials; and, although awarded but fourth place, he was the only dog in the stake to do everything that was asked of him. The week following the Lowther meeting I took him, together with another dog, to pick up at Swallowfield Park, Reading. At one stage in the day's proceedings I stood behind a gun who, early in the flush, tipped the wing of a high bird, which fell far behind the line. By the time I had put the other dog on to the line and returned to the stand shooting had ceased. Some thirty birds lay around and the loader was picking up; yet through all this time, to the astonishment of everybody present, Peter had never moved. His subsequent career was one long string of victories, and I attribute the poor reward accorded him at the first exhibition of his powers to a controversy then proceeding wherein the practice of entering immature dogs to these tests had been severely condemned. My sole object, however, in recalling these incidents is to show, by two noteworthy examples out of many available, that the training of dogs by artificial means permits full play for their brains, unencumbered by those habits of unsteadiness, which result only too often from premature introduction to game. My next contribution, which deals with retrieving, will show how the essential processes of game-finding can be taught on "hunt the slipper" lines.

R. SHARPE.



TEACHING A PUPPY TO SIT TO UPLIFTED HAND.



THE DESIRE TO FOLLOW WHEN THE TRAINER WALKS AWAY IS VERY STRONG.

# PRESENT DAY NATIONAL HUNT SPORT

A MARKED LACK OF LIVELINESS.

IT is simply impossible to be satisfied with present day National Hunt Sport. I am sure the National Hunt Committee do all they can, since the members composing it are thoroughly good sportsmen at heart and have some practical understanding of this winter-time racing. Yet what has been taking place during the last few weeks has been desultory and tame in the extreme, with only very rare flashes of interest and fleeting pleasure. Most of the same horses come out week after week and generally in the same poverty-stricken class as regards capacity. I come to the conclusion that there are far too many fixtures and that the right class of owners, speaking generally, are conspicuous by their absence. Glancing at the names of the Stewards and members of the National Hunt Committee, I find surprisingly few of them owning horses. It may be, of course, that they are financially unable to bear the burden of ownership, for it costs as much to feed and train even a selling hurdler as it does a high class horse on the Flat.

There must be some reason why things have been so tame. The signs are by no means peculiar to this season. They recur year after year and one never fails to wonder why. I am satisfied there are far too many fixtures, not so much where the public are concerned, though that is open to some argument, but in the matter of the supply of the horses being unequal to the demand. The executive of a meeting will say that a fixture pays well and that is the only thing that matters. That may be so from the executive's point of view, but it is not the only one. Horses must be over-raced and interest scattered and diffused rather than concentrated. Fewer fixtures, and there would be a general tightening up of interest and not the slackness and lack of keenness that one notes now. Lord Woolavington has done well by the winter racing, but his enterprise in buying high-class steeplechasers is checked by handicappers who immediately proceed to place a tremendously exalted value on his possessions. The worst handicapped horse I know of at the present time is that owner's Sir Huon. He was given 12st. in the Grand National and immediately withdrawn. As all the handicappers seem to be agreed in "salting" him, I may be wrong, but I can find nothing in his form to justify his being placed only 7lb. below a Grand National winner and 4lb. above such a proved smart horse as Gerald L. It is one of those handicapping mysteries which never seem to be solved. Some horses are doomed to go through a career during which handicappers persistently attach a false and exalted estimate to them. I could name examples of recent years on the Flat.

I am afraid it is beyond me to offer any constructive criticism that would be found of any practical value. You may be sure there will be no concentration or shrinkage of fixtures. There are too many vested interests. Executives, naturally, want all they have been used to in the past, and I am afraid that the actual quality of the sport supplied is not the primary consideration. Dividends must be earned year after year. I have no doubt it is their aim and ambition to provide the best possible fare, but if they cannot procure anything better, then from their point of view there is no help for it. In any case the forfeiture of a fixture or two is unthinkable, and so we go on year after year, with the same old round, the same old faces and the familiar platers that are made to journey from meeting to meeting contributing to what is dignified by the name of National Hunt sport. It is beyond me to persuade influential owners under Jockey Club rules that winter-time racing in England is an exhilarating and rare tonic! One suspects that while the money may be forthcoming to call the tune at Epsom, Ascot, Newmarket, Doncaster, Goodwood, etc., it would certainly not extend to some months of hurdling and steeplechasing. Lord Woolavington is a conspicuous and rare exception, and last year, you will recall, he won more money on the Flat than any other owner. Then most men who race in the summer-time like, if possible, to get away from our horrible climate in the winter-time. You want enthusiasm as well as the necessary constitution to battle with racing in these months of murky gloom and damp depression. With those who must do it because of necessity I am not concerned; I am merely trying to find reasons for the aloofness of the right sort of people, without whose money and patronage National Hunt sport is languishing. Soon it will become stimulated as the end of the season is in sight and competition among the best must take place. For the most part the best are made to dodge each other in the months of December and January.

Sandown Park is the place for National Hunt racing above all others. The public know it and delight in the almost uninterrupted view afforded them. I would give the executive another fixture or two. Cheltenham is a great acquisition as remodelled in recent years, but though making a big appeal to the countryside, it is a pity that the fine course and the splendid stands are not nearer to London. Newbury is distinctly good and an excellent test, and there is a public which takes much pleasure in what happens at Hurst Park. The Midland courses may be open to criticism, but there is no denying that meetings held on them invariably meet with better support than is

forthcoming much nearer to London. The National Hunt Committee might have an idea where to begin curtailing fixtures in the belief that concentration will key up the sport, but they never will do so. It is not exactly a question of courage but of encroaching on rights long since recognised. Apparently we must make the best of things as they are.

Out of a total entry of sixty-eight for the Grand National forfeit was only declared for fifteen. It is fairly clear, therefore, that the raising of the entry fees and the cost to run by 100 per cent. has not had the desired effect of reducing the threat of another big and unwieldy field. A big entry in the first instance was not unexpected, since it only cost £5 to put a horse in and see how it would be handicapped. But having gone so far, the acceptance stage arrived, and to go beyond it involves £50 in respect of each horse, with a further £50 to go to the post. The astonishing thing is that £50 has been incurred in respect of each of sixty-eight with fifteen exceptions. Of those withdrawn I note the name of Sir Huon, and experience no surprise in circumstances alluded to above. Habton and Blazing Corn are brilliant two milers, and the wonder is that they were ever entered except that the cost of "seeing the weights" was so very trivial. All the same, it is rather flabbergasting to find Habton placed 9lb. above Blazing Corn, a horse I hold in very high esteem. Mr. Harry Brown finds it impossible to subject his faithful old friend, The Bore, to another big preparation, and so we shall see no more of him, I suppose, at Aintree.

Shaun Spadah, the winner of two years ago, remains at the top of the handicap, and I have heard it said that the old horse was never so well as now. Before, however, accepting him as likely to win again I must see him do something good in public. For instance, I cannot believe he would be capable of giving the very impressive display that Gerald L. put up at Sandown Park last week. That was the best thing I have seen in the steeplechasing line since the present season came in. Major Scott Murray's horse won over three and a half miles, giving much weight to others, and he won with consummate ease and after a faultless display of jumping from beginning to end. This is the best thing the horse has ever done. I recall how he was very much fancied for the "National" of two years ago, and to the amazement of those connected with him he fell at the first fence, along with the favourite Poethlyn. Truly, amazing things can happen at Aintree. But Gerald L. is bigger, sounder, more robust and a better horse now than at any other time. A glance at him tells me that, and a reference to his performances this season confirms the impression. Curious—is it not?—how certain horses perform better at Sandown Park than anywhere else. It is certainly true of Gerald L. this year. And horses doing well there and coming through the stamina test in the stiff climb to the winning post have frequently done well at Aintree.

It was, of course, very interesting to see Arravale at Sandown Park on the day before Gerald L.'s outing. The former has been referred to as the favourite for the big steeplechase, and if such a one existed at the moment, then Arravale should have justified himself by winning. But he failed, by no means discreditably, but still he failed. He may have lacked something on the score of condition, and it is possible, of course, he would do better for a jockey like Fred Rees or Jack Anthony than for his plucky trainer, Mr. Percy Whitaker, who is handicapped by the passing of the years, for he has well cleared the fifty mark. However, bearing all these things in mind, I think he should have won. He may, of course, still win the National, and I cannot very well imagine a more popular winner than he would prove to be, but as a matter of personal opinion I take sides at the moment with Gerald L.

A matter of 8lb. separates them in the handicap, and I think it will not be denied that the steeplechasing record of the one is decidedly better than that of the other. It must not be overlooked that Square Dance, like Shaun Spadah, is trained by Poole, and it was a very gallant race that the former ran over the course last November when beaten for the Grand Sefon by Punt Gun. They are in different ownerships, and both I understand, are likely to run. Shall we say at the moment that neither can very well be discarded? Southampton and Old Tay Bridge have been given plenty of weight, and Duettiste pleased some good judges when he won at Kempton Park a little while ago. Norton and Forewarned (the latter especially after his fine win of the Allies Steeplechase at Manchester last Saturday) catch the eye, as also do Conjuror II and Drifter, though I do not think the latter would have been second last year had one of half a dozen others escaped misfortune. This horse is just a plodder, which, however, is a consideration in a Grand National, but only as long as the more brilliant horse fails to keep on his legs. For instance, I could not imagine Gerald L. finding it beyond his powers to concede Drifter 14lb. But it is a matter of escaping misfortune, which is something more than even money, in my opinion, against any horse, even the favourite. The history of recent Grand Nationals proves the truth of my assertion.

PHILIPPOS.



## CORRESPONDENCE

## A WAY OF COUNTING.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The numerals given by Mr. George Elam in your issue of January 20th are the sheep-scoring numerals formerly in general use in the Lake District and Northern Counties. The forms vary slightly in different localities. A Cumbrian form is: Yan, Tyan, Tethera, Methera, Pimp, Sether, Lethera, Hovera, Tether, Dick, Yan-a-dick, Tyan-a-dick, Tether-a-dick, Methera-a-dick, Bumfit, Yan-a-bumfit, Tyan-a-bumfit, Tether-a-bumfit, Methera-a-bumfit, Giggot. A Westmorland form is: Yan, Tahn, Teddera, Meddera, Pimp, Setter, Littera, Hovera, Dovera, Dick, Yan-dick, Tahn-dick, Teddera-dick, Medder-dick, Bumfit, Yan-a-bumfit, Tahn-a-bumfit, Tedder-a-bumfit, Medder-a-bumfit, Giggot. The Coniston shepherd's form is: Yan, Taen, Tedderte, Medderte, Pimp, Sether, Lethera, Hovera, Dovera, Dik, Yan-a-dik, Taen-a-dik, Tedder-a-dik, Medder-a-dik, Mimph, Yan-a-mimph, Tawen-a-mimph, Tedder-a-mimph, Medder-a-mimph, Giggot. The numerals are Celtic, and it is interesting to find them surviving, since the Anglo-Saxons borrowed very few words from the Celtic. A possible explanation is that when the Celts became subjects of the Anglo-Saxons the hereditary shepherds who watched the sheep on the fells continued their occupation under their new masters and with it their method of counting, which, to them, was inseparable from their work.—E. U. SAVAGE.

## OLD ENGLISH GAME FOWLS AND PHEASANT REARING.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—During the war the artificial rearing of pheasants practically ceased. Subsequently greater numbers were bred, until last season the numbers were almost equivalent to the average of pre-war days. It seems that during the coming season pheasants will be bred in increasing numbers. It is only the most inexperienced keeper who would dream of using the same ground for his birds, even if limed. (Incidentally, gas lime is far more effective in purifying ground than ordinary lime.) I want to look for a moment at the causes of mortality among pheasant chicks. This, in my opinion, is far greater than it should be. Starting with the eggs, these should, if possible, be from wild birds. Their fertility is far higher than from penned birds. However well supplied with grit, the eggs from penned birds are thinner in shell, and the embryo is weaker than in wild birds. As the breeding season comes round and greater numbers of eggs are picked up, the keeper and his assistants scour the countryside to find broodies. There is no time to be lost, and he must take any hens he can get. These may be big, are not always free from vermin, or have scaly legs. The initial breakages are considerable. Now I suggest that the sitting hens should be bred on the estate. There are two ways of doing this. One is by turning down one or two old English game stags among the ordinary barn-door fowls. The produce from these will be light, medium-sized birds, fine in bone, ideal sitters and perfect mothers. The other, and probably better plan, is to breed pure game hens from good stock. These are lighter still and extremely handsome. The saving of pheasant chickens would be enormous. In the game cross from ordinary fowls the superfluous stags could be used in the house. There is nothing to compare with them. They carry more meat than any other cross (and that in the right place, on the breast), are white fleshed and fine in bone. Keepers may be loath to admit it, but probably from first to last 50 per cent. of eggs and chicks go down from one cause or another. I have frequently seen my game hens kill rats and mice that have invaded the rearing coops, and on one occasion a stoat.—JOHN WATSON.

## THE HOLGATE FONT.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I send you an interesting cutting, dated 1888, recording a visit of the Caradoc Field Club to the hamlet. From this it appears that the place was known as Stanton at the time of Domesday, had a church and a priest, and was in the possession of one Helgot. The name Helgot was well known in that district of Normandy from which Roger de Montgomery came, and Helgot, who held nineteen Shropshire manors and who built himself a castle in Coverdale, was no doubt one of his followers.

At this castle in 1108 Henry I was guest of Herbert Fitz Helgot, who, about 1121, gave the church at Stanton (now called Holgate after its Norman lord) to the abbey of Shrewsbury.—HENRY COLLIER, Rector of Holgate.

[1121 seems a very probable date for the font, and it is likely that Herbert de Helgot had it inserted, perhaps at the suggestion of the monks, in order that his gift might be complete.—ED.]

## CAPITAN INGLES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I hope you may care to reproduce this photograph of Mr. W. Frank Calderon's picture of "Capitan Ingles." This bull is being presented "by friends and admirers in England" to General Gomez, President of the Republic of Venezuela, with their congratulations, on the occasion of his being re-elected President of that State. The animal was shipped by the s.s. Mercian, Leyland Line, from Liverpool, last Tuesday. Mansel Dayluck (40804), re-named Capitan Ingles, was calved on January 29th, 1921, at Mansel Court, Hereford, bred by Captain R. T. Hinckes. His sire was Mansel Rightful (35289), a frequent prize-winner at the shows in 1919, Mansel Rightful being out of a cow called Rose, purchased by Captain Hinckes at the dispersal sale of Mr.

him in winter tugging a worm from the frozen earth, obviously throwing all his weight into each determined tug, suggests something very human, but to see him bravely break the ice on a puddle just to bathe suggests something very inhuman; and the fact that he often mates for life is surely in his favour. If on a wet, miserable morning you see an untidy-looking bird on a housetop trying in vain to sing, it will doubtless be the don't-care starling, and I have seen this same ungainly bird (after completing his own paternal duties) generously feeding the chicks of a neighbour. I would not underestimate the song of the nightingale or the charming confidence of the robin, but am quite convinced that no one could acquaint himself with the characteristics of the starling through the four seasons without loving him—just for what he is.—A. ROBINSON.

## THE WAR TITHES ACT.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I do not quite understand the remark in "Country Notes" that the "War Tithes Act was a great injustice to farmers." Unless a farmer has bought the land he farms, and owns as well as farms it, he does not pay the tithe, but the landlord has to do that, and, as the latter could not by any possibility get



AN OFFERING TO THE PRESIDENT OF VENEZUELA.

Arthur Turner of the Leen, the herd being one of the most renowned, herds founded in 1780. Mansel Rightful (35289) was by the famous Starlight (28754), the sire of Ringer (purchased in 1918 at public auction for £9,450) and other valuable bulls and heifers, including Mansel Handyman (33954), Champion at the Royal Show in 1921 and exported to Uruguay. The dam of Capitan Ingles is Dazzle 2nd, purchased by Captain Hinckes at the dispersal sale of the late Mr. J. H. Meire of Eyton on Severn. This is one of the oldest herds, tracing back as far as 1833. The cow is a magnificent specimen of the breed, a rich colour, fine character, great depth, with perfectly placed tail. As the portrait shows, Capitan Ingles is a bull of great depth, of the compact type, excellent hind quarters and well set on his legs. He is of particularly pleasing appearance and character, and his head is quite a model of what Hereford breeders aim for.—H.

## IN THE DEFENCE OF THE STARLING.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—According to the report of Mr. Walter Collinge, F.L.S., on behalf of the Board of Agriculture, the starling is among the four birds accused of doing more harm than good. Although I have no wish to act as counsel for the defence, my fifteen years' familiarity with this guilty prisoner may be interesting. During the summer he can often be seen capturing insects in mid-air (swallow fashion), clinging to a tree trunk, using his tail as support (very like a woodpecker), or impudently settling on a sheep's back to relieve it of ticks. To see

any benefit from the increased prices for crops on which the tithe is assessed, it was a great injustice to him. Now both landlord and tenant are in an equally bad way, but the increased value of tithe remains. Speaking personally, I am fortunate in having all the same tenants that I had before the war, but they all took their farms at rents which were fixed when tithe stood at 70; the rents remain the same, but the tithe is 109, and any increased value of crops when prices were high they have had the benefit of, and I have had to pay £39 more tithe per 100, and nothing extra to pay it with.—A LANDOWNER.

## PLOUGH MONDAY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In the long dining-room of a quaint old farmhouse in Surrey, stood a heavy old oak table at which in bygone days the farm servants fed. On the first day of spring ploughing the ploughboy used to try to get into the house and call out, "One, two, three, the cock's for me" (three times), "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, the cock's mine," striking on the table at each number with his whip, and if he could do this without one of the maids throwing a jug of water (which they kept handy) over him, he was entitled to take a cock out of the fowlhouse. The daughter of the farmer at whose house this curious old custom took place informs me that she only remembers the ploughboys being successful on one occasion.—ARTHUR TROWER.

## CANDLEMAS DAY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The Worcestershire rhyme :

"When Candlemas Day is past and gone  
The snaw if it comes wunt lie on a ston(e) :  
The snaw if it comes on a ston(e) wunt lie,  
But it will lie on the clod thereby."

—VIGORINENSIS.

## HOW LONG DO WILD DUCKS LIVE?

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—There are two old wild ducks living on the farm nearest to my home. The story told about one of them is as follows : About twenty years ago, during a very hard winter, thirty wild ducks flew down, starved and exhausted, into the orchard and were caught by the farmer's wife. She is certain of the date because her grandniece was then a baby a few weeks old and is now a married woman of over twenty years of age. The wild ducks were sold to a gamekeeper, except one, which he declined to buy because she was so small. She was then turned loose with clipped wings in the poultry-yard. She grew very tame and wanders in and out of the house, but is beginning to look very old. Two years ago she hatched out a brood of seven ducks. She steals her nest and hides the place very securely. Last year she only laid one or two normal-sized eggs which were sterile, the rest being about the size of pigeon eggs. This year she has laid none, and doubtless will not live much longer. She is, therefore, known to be twenty years of age, and, as she has not grown since captured, there is no knowing how much older she may be ; but one is quite safe in saying she is at least twenty-one years of age. The other wild duck was hatched out of some wild duck's eggs placed under a hen. She is fifteen years



PACKING EGGS IN NEW ZEALAND.

old and laying regularly. Her eggs, however, have always been sterile. Both ducks make a great noise calling for mates in the spring, but no wild drakes have ever answered the call.—H. THOBURN CLARKE.

## BARNACLE GEESE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Mr. Henry Sharp, in his most interesting article "Barnacle Geese in their Winter Haunts," quotes a paragraph from my article on the breeding of these geese—recently published by you—in which I stated that the young of the barnacle goose is "unknown to science." He also asks whether it is not the case that young have been reared by birds kept in confinement. I have been in correspondence with my original informant, Mr. F. C. R. Jourdain, on the subject, and he tells me that it is an undoubted fact that these geese have reared young in confinement in this country—even as recently as 1922—but the fact remains that the young bird is, as yet, undescribed by any competent ornithologist and as such is "unknown to science." As regards young wild birds, a Swede named Kolthoff obtained some about twenty years ago, but no specimens are in existence in England and no published accurate description of the young has been made from life. It is just possible that Kolthoff's young birds may be preserved in Stockholm Museum, and Mr. Jourdain is in correspondence with the director in order to find out. I hope I have made it clear that my expression "unknown to science" was strictly accurate from the technical point of view, unless information

from Stockholm Museum proves otherwise.—W. M. CONGREVE.

## "HARK, HARK, THE DOGS DO BARK."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Feeling sure that many of your readers must have experienced the same trouble with their dogs that I am experiencing, I venture to hope that some of them may be able to tell me how to get over it. The dog is an Irish terrier, age eighteen months, and his vice is a yapping and most irritating bark, which he will keep up in the house or out of it by the hour, either stirred by imaginary or actual cats or by sheer cussedness. Punishment seems to do no good and I was wondering if a strap muzzle were put on him every time he offended whether it would stop the bad habit. If any one can help me with advice on this point and tell me too, if there is any way of bringing him to friendship with the household cat, I shall be very grateful.—PRIOR LEAN.

[This bad habit, once acquired, is difficult to stop. Chastisement is not much use in the case of a high-spirited dog. A leather muzzle will prevent barking. We have usually found that the word "no," pronounced very emphatically, does more good than shouting. Try muzzling for short periods when he starts barking, merely saying "no" at the same time, so that he may understand why he is punished. If the dog is unsafe with the cat, we should advise putting him on a lead, introducing them into a room together and checking him sharply, again saying "no," whenever he attempts to move towards her.—ED.]

## EGGS IN ONE BASKET.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Proverbially you cannot make omelettes without breaking eggs, but it is as well to break as few as possible. Here is a rather ingenious method of packing and carrying eggs which is used in New Zealand. It is, as you see, very simple, and it is likewise effective.—A COLONIAL READER.

## WORLD'S RECORD SHORTHORN.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Cowslip, the famous dairy shorthorn cow, the property of Mr. E. R. Debenham of Brianspuddle, Dorchester, has given birth to a fine heifer calf. This cow holds the world's dairy shorthorn record for milk production, her yield for the year 1921-22 being officially certified at 26,145½lb. The previous calf born in 1921 is developing a distinct resemblance to her mother and it will be interesting to see if these two calves will maintain the wonderful milking capacity of their renowned dam.—W. G.

## PASSING OF THE POETIC BLACKSMITH.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Edward Jarvis, better known as the "Poetic Blacksmith of Devon," has just passed to his rest. His smithy, on the high road at Higher Norton, near Dartmouth, has long been closed, as the increase in motor transport caused the need for the forge to disappear. When he closed his smithy Jarvis posted over the door the following notice :

"Thousands of horseshoes have I made,  
Both large and small,  
And hung them on the wall.  
On horses and ponies I've nailed them all.  
My anvil is worn  
And my bellows torn ;  
My hammers and sledges lay on the floor.  
I made out the fire  
And said it's time to retire ;  
I locked up the door  
And did no more."

Jarvis was eighty-four when he died.—GEO. PETERS MICHELL.

## PUCK OR ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The accompanying illustration may interest your readers. Last summer a pair

of robins built a nest in the ivy outside my garden wall. Every day they flew over the wall for the bread with which I feed my pigeons and carried the crumbs to their



HOPING FOR CAKE.

young. The illustration shows one of the young birds on my little daughter's hand. With patience we have succeeded in getting him to come every day. As soon as we enter the garden he appears in a flash, as it were from nowhere, and on holding out one's hand he darts straight on to it. He sometimes sings his little quiet song when perched on my hand after having had his cake. "Puck" has a great preference for cake. Last summer a pair of golden-crested wrens built their nest in a young Florence Court yew in my garden about 2ft. from the ground. The mother bird often remained on her nest when closely looked at. I do not know if these wrens are usually fearless.—ETHEL INCHQUIN.

## A SHEPHERD'S SPARE TIME.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I send you a picture of a Corsican shepherd at work basket-making. Curd cheeses from goats' milk are made in small round baskets. These baskets are made by the shepherds while tending their sheep or goats on the mountains or among the olive trees along the coast.—M. H. BICKNELL.



A CORSICAN SHEPHERD BASKET-MAKING.



## SPORT ON THE RIVIERA

EVERY year, when winter comes, the South Coast of France, the Mediterranean shore, becomes a great playground for thousands of people from all the northern countries of the world, seeking sunshine and warmth; and, like the swallows, they find it, though their flight is more complicated, involving *trains de luxe* and other apparatus of modern civilisation. Like everything else in this world, the weather on the French Riviera in winter is not perfect. It is sometimes cold and wet; otherwise the land would be a desert instead of one great garden of palms and flowers and scented pine forests.

But far more often it is bright and fine; the white sails of yachts gleam in the sun against a background of intensest blue between the "Isles des Lereins," the Esterel mountains and the promenade of Cannes, the famous Croisette, beloved of kings and princes all the world over. Golfers at Mandelieu, Cagnes and elsewhere rest their eyes on turf that has the pure green of early spring. Tennis players take turns in facing the slanting sunlight, seeking in a dazzling sky the trajectory of a ball which ought to be volleyed into the opponent's court. Race meetings take place at Cannes and at Nice, automobile contests of all kinds at Nice and Monte Carlo; and, indeed, throughout the winter months every kind of sporting rivalry that human ingenuity has yet invented comes into play.

The mid-winter of 1922-23 has been among the brightest and best that old *habitues* of the Riviera can remember: days warm and still and sunny for the most part, and sapphire nights with a grossly exaggerated moon sailing into the sky from behind Cap Martin and the mountains of Italy, and, for those who do not rest or who rise very early, a morning star coming up out of the sea long before the dawn and surely brighter than it has ever been elsewhere. Such has been the mid-winter of 1922-23 on the Riviera, and perhaps this is the first season out here in which the shadow of the dark war years seems really to have lifted, whatever other evils may lie ahead.

Although every kind of sporting contest takes place on the Riviera in winter, world championship events are generally held elsewhere. There is one exception, however, and that is the professional lawn tennis players' cup. The matches of this competition were played at Menton on the closing days of last year and the cup was won for the second time in succession by Major Rendall, formerly champion of India and now professional at Menton and Aix-les-Bains. This event, barely mentioned by the daily press, deserves more notice than it has hitherto received, since it gives an annual opportunity to all on the Riviera of seeing a series of matches played to a pitch of perfection that is not attained in ordinary tournaments, and this means much to the innumerable devotees of what is probably now the most popular game in the world. Major Rendall was somewhat handicapped by courts that were soft and slow, and did not show his best form at first. In the closest match of the whole series it looked very much as though Mr. Alfred Burke, son of the late world-famous professional, would win; but after losing the first two sets Major Rendall settled down to a steadiness and infallibility which gave him the next three and which reminded one of nothing so much as of a batsman, dead set, who has made his century and is apparently quite impossible to get out. The pyrotechnics of his adversary were powerless, and the game was won off the base line, the champion always preferring this method and being, indeed, somewhat incomplete as regards the attacking side of his game.

The first open lawn tennis tournament of the year was begun on Christmas Day on the La Festa courts at Monte Carlo, which were only just ready in time and in a condition that is rather disappointing, considering the lavish expenditure which the Casino of Monte Carlo does not hesitate to make at La Festa as elsewhere. However, the entry was both large and representative and a good beginning was made to the tennis season of the Riviera. It was hoped that Mlle. Lenglen would play in this first tournament, but she postponed her debut until the following week at Cannes, so that the ladies' singles championship thus fell to Mrs. Satterthwaite for the second year in succession at Monte Carlo. The men's event was won by Mr. Leighton Crawford, a player from India who is new to the Riviera, but who showed fine form in beating the Hon. B. F. M. Fisher in three straight sets in the final. He scored another and even more decisive victory at Cannes the following week.

The weekly golf contests at Mont Agel also began concurrently with the first open tennis tournament of the season, the first event being won by Mr. L. E. Whiteford, with a handicap of 24. The eighteen-hole course at Mont Agel, lying at an average level of about 4,000ft. above the sea, is the outstanding marvel of the Riviera. Looking up at the mountains from the terraces of Monte Carlo one would say without the slightest hesitation that there could not possibly be a course at all up there, that every hard hit ball must inevitably come tumbling down into the sea. It is a characteristic marvel, worth a casual glance from the philosopher who does not usually take much notice of this world's pleasures. Human effort has contrived to impose something, a little trick of fashion, as it were, on the *giant's robe* of Nature. Human effort tries to do that everywhere along the

Côte d'Azur, but here at Mont Agel it has succeeded most conspicuously.

The road that winds upwards from Monte Carlo via La Turbie to this wonderful golf links is kept in good condition, and if you have not got your own car to take you up there the Casino does it for you at a modest fare in an exceptionally comfortable omnibus. There are quite a number of things that the Casino, the famous gambling establishment of Monte Carlo, does for the visitor to the little principality at remarkably cheap rates which cannot and do not pay—directly; and, since the establishment now includes the "Sporting Club," an inner shrine for the privilege of gambling in which you pay extra, it is worth while to say a few words about the nature of this sport as practised in Monte Carlo, since, both traditionally and legally, it is different here from anywhere else in the world.

Monaco and Monte Carlo are cities immaculate and dazzling to the eye. They make all other Riviera resorts look almost shabby, so perfectly are they kept; and all this is paid for by English-speaking people, who are in a large majority as patrons of the place. The annual profits of the gambling establishments exceed fifty million francs, and since their expenses are enormous it is clear, without recourse to elaborate statistics, that they must levy a tribute on their visitors that certainly exceeds two hundred million francs each year. It is said that the odds against the gambler are perfectly well known and easily calculated, being that due to the *zero* at roulette and the *refait* at trente et quarante, and that the average of these odds does not exceed 2 per cent. If this is so, a simple calculation shows that a sum of at least one thousand million francs must actually be staked on the tables every year. Readers should compare in their minds this sum with the figures, common in modern politics, concerning national and international debts, and should judge for themselves whether it is more probable that such a sum is actually staked at the tables during the course of a year or that some other incalculable factors do not enter into the matter, loading the balance more heavily against the gambler. It is suggested that they should give the matter just this amount of thought before deciding to gamble.

Whatever conclusions the student of chances may come to as regards the sport of gambling at Monte Carlo, one thing is certain, that the atmosphere of the rooms is hot and unhealthy, and in strong contrast with the great sunny spaces of Mont Agel, the pine-scented breezes of the Esterel mountains on the golf links and polo ground at Cannes, or, for the motorist who goes further afield, the champagne air of the high mountains at Peira Cava and Thorenc, where winter sports may be had when sufficient snow has fallen.

All that is best on the Riviera is offered to the lover of outdoor life, and it is on the solid foundation of a wonderfully favoured climate that the fame and prosperity of the Littoral rests rather than on any such ingenious device as the gambling rooms of Monte Carlo.

It sometimes happens on the Riviera that the whole winter is bright and fine and comparatively warm, while a cold snap, occasioned probably by the melting snows of the Alps, occurs in April. Such was the case last year when the Olympic games for women were greatly marred, especially as these included swimming races in the harbour of Monaco, which was gorgeously decorated for the occasion. Swedish women triumphed last year, being apparently unaffected by the cold. The date of these contests this season is also fixed for the beginning of April, and it is to be hoped that they will have better luck this second year of their occurrence on the Riviera, as they have introduced a somewhat novel element into the round of open-air games and athletic sports that takes place every winter.

The polo at Mandelieu, at the foot of the Esterel mountains, near Cannes, is also the only thing of its kind in the South of France, and some of the world's best known players come regularly every winter. It would be very difficult to find anywhere in the world a more ideal and lovely spot in which all the conditions required for the game are present. The plain that lies between Cannes and the Esterel mountains is, as it were, the converse of the undulating heights of Mont Agel and offers all that is required in smooth unbroken expanse of turf for racecourse and polo ground. The racecourse of Cannes this year enters upon its second season with every prospect of success, since the Riviera is more crowded than usual. It supplements rather than rivals the famous course of the Var, near Nice.

When it is all over—this playing in the sunshine and sea breezes of Southern France—the foreign visitors depart in April, together with most of the hotel and shop people, leaving this land of gardens by the sea to peasants and fisher folk; and in the month of May roses run riot over shuttered villas and silent, barrack-like hotels, overflow from every garden and fill the wild lands and forests with scent and colour. The brilliant sea that washes the red rocks of the Esterels is warm then and so full of colour that attempts to realise it on canvas always look ridiculous. This is the ideal time for yachting, bathing, picnics, motoring in the mountains, for open-air life in the long warm days of early summer in the loveliest climate and scenery in the world; but, by a curious irony, the paradise then is empty.

Beausoleil.

CECIL B. WATERLOW

## THE ESTATE MARKET

# HISTORIC HOUSES TO LET

**T**HE late Sir Joseph Savory's legatee has asked Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, in conjunction with Messrs. Hoggarth and Son, to offer over 11,000 acres in Westmorland, including the manor house of Wharton Hall, dating to the reign of Edward I, farms, and the manors of Wharton, Hilton, Murton and Nateby. Murton Hall dates from Edward II. Driving has yielded 2,520 grouse in fourteen days on these moors.

Homefield, at Walton Heath, is to be sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, with 14 acres of well timbered grounds—a superior residence practically on the heath.

The contemplated letting of the beautiful and historic property, Chartley Castle, belonging to General Sir Walter Congreve, V.C. (announced in COUNTRY LIFE last week), calls to mind a sidelight on old-fashioned amusements cast by a note by Dr. Plot. The famous antiquarian of the seventeenth century, historian of Oxfordshire and Staffordshire, and first Keeper of the Ashmolean Museum, recorded that "in the hall of Chartley Castle is a Shuffle-board Table, 10 yards, 1 foot, 1 inch long, which is made up of 260 pieces, each about 18 inches long, and so accurately joined and glew'd together that no shuffle-board whatever is freer from Rubbs and Castings." The note recalls Macaulay's allusion to the "chaplain who, in ancient manor house, passed his life in drinking ale and playing at shovel-board." The game consisted of pushing a coin along the table so that it rested between any one of a number of transverse lines marked upon the surface.

The advantage given to tenants in buying before the auction was evident in the figures compiled at the Haughton Hall sale, the auction result of which, about £77,000, was given in these columns last week. It is not surprising that there were hearty expressions of satisfaction on the part of the tenants, thus maintaining the record in this respect, nowhere more noticeable than in regard to their dealings with Cheshire land, of Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. Sir Howard Frank was on the rostrum, and bidding was of a spirited nature. Among Scottish farms recently sold by the firm are Breconside, near Moffat, 1,182 acres, the house originally an old peel tower; the adjoining 200 acre farm of Woodfoot; Tamano, 516 acres; Faulds, 177 acres; and Old Woodhouselee, Auchendinny.

Farms at Faringdon, Berkshire, in all 1,655 acres, are to be sold locally on February 20th by Messrs. Franklin and Jones, including a "Royal" prize holding.

Charlton Mackrell Court, Taunton, an old residence formerly the rectory, has been placed in the hands of Messrs. Harrods for sale. Mrs. Parish purchased the property from the Ecclesiastical Commissioners some years ago, and has spent large sums on the house, which stands in the Blackmore Vale.

### ESHER PLACE.

**L**ORD D'ABERNON has directed Messrs. Giddy and Giddy to dispose of Esher Place, and if an acceptable offer is not forthcoming, to let the mansion and grounds temporarily. The Surrey seat is only three-quarters of an hour's motor run from Hyde Park. That it is a stately place cannot be doubted by anyone who will look at the pictures of it in the Supplement to COUNTRY LIFE (last week, page ix), or the illustrated special article on the property which appeared in these pages on January 6th, 1900 (page 16).

The old house of Esher stood on lower ground by the river Mole, and Cardinal Wolsey repaired and partly rebuilt the palace, which had been erected by William of Waynflete, Bishop of Winchester from 1447 to 1486. The old red brick ivy-clad tower, with its turrets, in the trees near the Mole, is the memorial of that time. In later days the house passed to Lord Howard of Effingham and, in 1729, to Henry Pelham, one of the "Broad-bottom Administration." Pelham employed Kent to lay out the grounds, and little "temples" in the classic taste of the period were scattered about the grounds. Unfortunately, perhaps, Pelham allowed Kent to insert the pseudo-Gothic windows which may be seen in the tower.

The modern mansion occupies an incomparably finer situation than did the old one. The high ground gives it an opening to superb

scenery on all sides, and from the stately terrace the prospect is splendid, embracing Richmond, the valley of the Mole and Windsor Castle. The grounds have been greatly improved during the present ownership. Pelham Wood is a sylvan paradise "where elves might disport in the glades," and there is a cave traditionally connecting with Hampton Court.

The mansion contains a series of reception rooms enriched with Louis XV and other work of exceptional artistic distinction. Comfort and convenience have been studied in the installation of electric light and central heating. Inclusive of the home farm of 200 acres, the property is 360 acres.

### "BREAK-UP" OF COMBE.

**COMBE ABBEY** estate is to be broken up.

The sale of the 8,000 acre Warwickshire domain, the famous mansion inseparably associated with the "Queen of Hearts," was announced in COUNTRY LIFE on January 27th (page 130), and last week reference was made to the buyer's intentions. We are informed that Messrs. Winterton and Sons and Mr. Edgar Whittindale are appointed agents to dispose of the property, the area of which, now in the market, amounts to 7,690 acres. It includes the manors of Combe, Bingley, Wyken, Calludon and Willenhall, and the rectory of Binley. The historic Abbey and 1,000 acres or 2,000 acres are purchasable as a separate lot. The gardens surrounding the mansion on three sides extend to 40 acres, and the greater part of the village of Binley is to be sold. Combe is four miles from Coventry and seven from Rugby.

### CROFT CASTLE.

**THE** Herefordshire seat, Croft Castle, dating from the Norman Conquest, and 3,637 acres, may be sold as a whole, or the castle would be let partly furnished, with fishing rights and shooting, by Messrs. Dowsett, Knight and Taylor. It is six miles from Leominster, and about half that distance from Berrington and Eye. From the time of Edward the Confessor to that of George III, Croft Castle was associated with the family of Croft, a fighting race, who presumably had their fill of the Border warfare for which Herefordshire was always noted. Clawdd Offa, the great dyke, and the castles of Brampton-Bryan, Clifford, Huntingdon, Kilpec, Longtown, Lyonshall, Croft, Wigmore and Wilton, all attest the former military importance of the country on the Welsh border.

Among owners of Croft Castle was Sir James Croft, a famous soldier of the reigns of Mary and Elizabeth, and the latter Queen pardoned him after he had been condemned for participating in Wyatt's Rebellion. Croft Castle has terraced walks in its grounds, ornamental water, formal gardens, and a large walled kitchen garden. There is hunting in the vicinity on four days a week. Portions of the castle were destroyed in the days of Charles I, and it remained in a dilapidated state until 1780, when Somerset Davies bought and restored it. The castle has the original four embattled towers at the angles, and an embattled entrance tower. The interior has been modernised.

### BROOME PARK.

**BROOME PARK**, between Folkestone and Canterbury, the seat of the late Field-Marshal Lord Kitchener, is to be let furnished, through Messrs. Bovis. Lord Kitchener bought Broome Park in 1911. In Badeslade's "Views of Seats in Kent" is a perspective drawing of "Broome Park: the seat of Sir Basil Dixwell, Bart.," which was reproduced in COUNTRY LIFE of July 6th, 1907, in Mr. H. Avray Tipping's article on "Broome Park, the seat of Sir Percy Oxenden, Bart."

In 1634 Sir Basil Dixwell laid out the park, and in the following three or four years building went on according to rough plans obtained from London and elaborated by local craftsmen. In 1750 it passed to the Oxendens of Dene. In 1778 James Wyatt was retained to improve the mansion, and though some of his alterations of the old H-shaped mullioned house are regrettable, there is evidence at Broome in much of what he did that his taste was then "pure and elegant," notwithstanding that, elsewhere and at another period of his life, he so dealt with famous structures as to earn for himself the epithet of "The Destroyer."

Broome Park came under the hammer in London in 1908, by order of the second mortgagee, and our copy of the particulars of sale is endorsed "sold for £25,000 and mortgages, viz., £55,000." The mansion is surrounded by undulating pastures, close to the junction of the roads from Folkestone and Dover to Canterbury.

It is in the heart of the land of the Ingoldsby Legends, and near Broome is Tappington Hall, an old Tudor farmhouse, immortalised in the Legends. "The Eagle Gates" of the frontispiece of the Legends seem to be those of Broome Park itself.

### DAME NELLIE MELBA'S HOUSE.

**DAME NELLIE MELBA** has just bought, from Messrs. Samuel B. Clark and Son, No. 15, Mansfield Street, Cavendish Square, a very fine Adam house; and the firm has sold to Miss Marie Tempest No. 29, Chester Terrace, Regent's Park; also Sir John Martin Harvey's house in York Terrace, Regent's Park.

Highmead, Tilford, a well appointed house in 6 or 7 acres, between Farnham and Godalming, has been sold for nearly £9,000, for Mrs. Floyd, by Messrs. Dibblin and Smith, to a relative of Mr. Philip Lambton, who lately bought Gaston Grange, Bentworth.

Brookman's Park, 1,000 acres, near Hatfield, is for sale by order of Mrs. Gausson, by Messrs. Hampton and Sons. It is a good sporting place, with a park of 500 acres and a couple of lakes. What is still known as the Fire Station, opposite the entrance to the Hampstead station of the "tube" railway, a red brick building with a clock and observation tower, has been acquired by Messrs. Hampton and Sons and is to be their local office. A Hampstead house to which special reference was recently made in these columns, that on the edge of the Heath, known as The Logs, with an acre of gardens, has not long remained in the market after the auction, Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, with Messrs. Montagu and Robinson, having disposed of it. Messrs. Yates and Yates were concerned in the transaction. No. 26, Chesham Place, has been sold by Messrs. Goddard and Smith, for the trustees of the Shakerley settled estates. Inverclyde, a newly built freehold house in Maresfield Gardens, Hampstead; Lady Bonnor's house in Sloane Court, Chelsea; and No. 2, Grand Parade, Hove, have been sold by Messrs. Wm. Willett, Limited, the last named for £5,300, preceding the very successful sale of the furniture.

Nunhold Grange, near Claverdon, Warwick, which was sold by auction in September, by Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock, has been resold by them. With Messrs. Farebrother, Ellis and Co., Messrs. Nicholas have just disposed of Tithe Barn, Wokingham, a property of nearly 7 acres. Bournemouth sales approaching a total of £90,000, reported by Messrs. Fox and Sons, include Court Lodge, Branksome Park, and The Toft and another house, Crag Head, in Manor Road, facing the sea.

### QUOTATION OF PRICES.

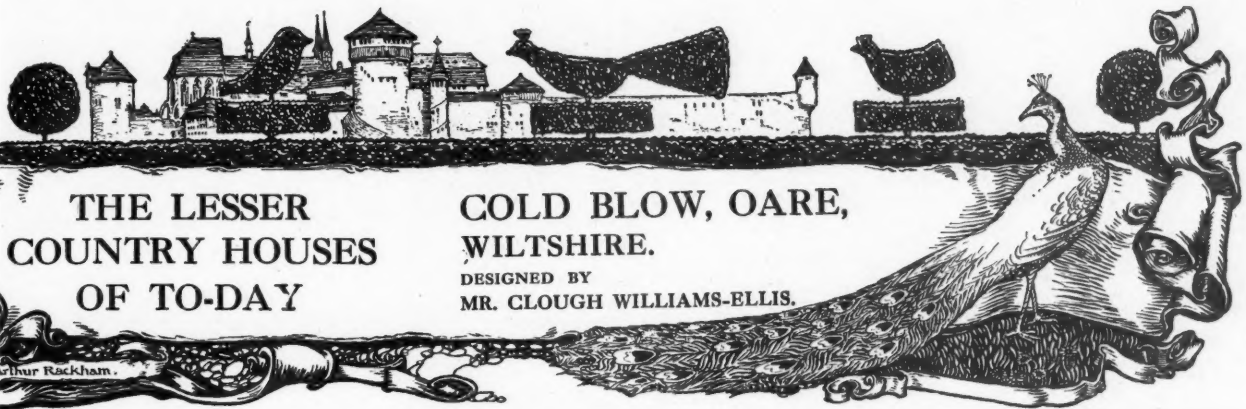
**THE** Dower House of Breakspears estate, at Harefield, near Denham, may be bought for £5,750, from Messrs. Trollope and Sons, who are acting in conjunction with Messrs. Harrods, Limited. It is a freehold of between 16 and 17 acres, with an early Georgian residence, easy of access from London, in the pretty country of the Hertfordshire and Buckingham border.

Another property in the market at a fixed price is, we understand, Slains Castle, on the Aberdeenshire coast, near Peterhead, and the price with a few hundreds of acres is £10,000, the agents being Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. The locality was the scene of the battle, in the year 1005, in which Malcolm II totally defeated the Danes under Cnut. The shore at Cruden is abrupt and majestic, with bold and lofty red granite rocks and black basaltic prominences.

In the course of his celebrated tour in Scotland Dr. Johnson observed that Slains Castle was the place from which he would like to behold a storm. If he could revisit the spot he would, perhaps, play golf on the neighbouring Cruden links. Slains Castle, formerly the stronghold of the Earls of Erroll, has for some years belonged to Sir John R. Ellerman.

ARBITER.





# THE LESSER COUNTRY HOUSES OF TO-DAY

## COLD BLOW, OARE, WILTSHIRE.

DESIGNED BY MR. CLOUGH WILLIAMS-ELLIS.

CLOSE under the Marlborough Downs that drop away to the level on the edge of the little park of Oare House, stands the engaging building variously called Cold Blow and The Dower House. Though only completed last year, it seems already to have settled down as an integral and sympathetic part of the typical bit of Wiltshire scenery in which it is so happily set.

Mr. Geoffrey Fry, the owner of Oare House, here set his architect, Mr. Williams-Ellis, the difficult problem of building a subsidiary house on a restricted site, almost within view of his windows, that should not clash nor compete with the old Georgian mansion, but rather give point to "the Rustic beauties of the scene"—somewhat in the spirit of the eighteenth century Roman-ticists. This was well enough in the case of a gardener's cottage or similar small appen-dage, but it became a very different matter when the building required was a small country house containing ten bedrooms, power pump-house, garage and so forth, all on a little roadside plot with somewhat embarrassing contours. The plan and illus-trations show how happily the desires of the client have been realised, both in accommodation and in exterior composition, and by how simple means.

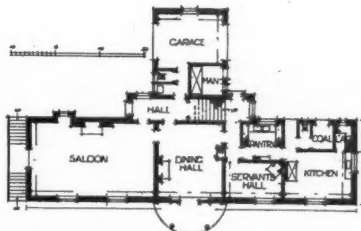
Viewed from the overlooking heights of the Downs, the shape of the house is so suggestive of an aeroplane that the village has done it the signal honour of voting it a place among the local "sights and curiosities." This resemblance is chiefly accounted for by the semi-circular "snout" in front formed by the little Doric pillared loggia with the bowed best bedroom above and by the central garage extension behind, suggestive



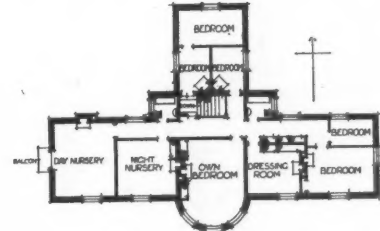
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ENTRANCE FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Ground-Floor Plan.



First-Floor Plan.

of the fusilage, the island strip of green contained between the two curved drives and the by-road completing the picture by its likeness to the "tail."



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SOUTH FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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FROM THE WEST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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DINING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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LIVING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The garage is in itself unusual in that it has revolving shutters at both ends, so that the car that drives in by the west approach in the evening is driven straight out through the opposite door next morning without any of the usual manœuvring and turning. Being incorporated into the body of the house, the garage can be entered direct therefrom through the cloak-room, this arrangement also turning it into a veritable *port-cochère*—a luxurious feature not usually associated with country cottages, however "superior."

Another surprise in so small a house is the provision of a pair of symmetrically planned and identical "toilet rooms," each fitted with bath, w.c., lavatory basin and towel airer, while the 5ft. wide and shallow stairway has an ample spaciousness suggestive of a roomy house where a foot or two more or less is of no consequence. Reference to the plan, however, will show how extraordinarily compact and closely knit the accommodation really is, the relative areas, shapes and positions of the rooms having been carefully and nicely adjusted to their several uses within the area prescribed by the intended expenditure and the employment of a limited staff.

We are becoming accustomed to highly developed labour-saving arrangements in modern town and suburban houses, but if we look for them in the far-away country cottage, by however ingenious an architect, we are usually disappointed. Here, however surprisingly, the unsophisticated thatch shelters domestic equipment that would not shame an up-to-date Mayfair flat. Electric light and power are "laid on" from Oare House, there is a good cold water-supply from a deep bore-well, and constant hot water is assured by an anthracite-fired boiler.

The little pantry that intervenes (as it should) between the kitchen and the dining-room is fitted up as though for a yacht, the sea-going flavour being emphasised by an ingenious white metal double compartment sink with its gleaming grids and drainers and long-arm swing taps. Opposite the door from the pantry is a full-height double-faced cupboard in the wall of the dining-room, which acts as a serving hatch and in which most of the table gear in constant use is kept—instantly accessible from either side.

Consideration for the staff has also dictated a good many of the details of the furnishing equipment upstairs, from the provision of numerous and well placed built-in cupboards and fitments to the elimination of dust-harboring balusters on the staircase, their place being taken by flat panels.

Generally speaking, the upstairs decoration consists of light toned distempers on rough textured plaster, a protecting coat of varnish being added in the bathrooms, while the doors and more important joinery features have been given additional interest by a soft two-colour treatment, mostly in blue and grey.

In the day nursery the needs of the crawler have not been forgotten, and a French window glazed down to the floor level opens on to a little railed-in balcony overlooking the lower garden and the enticing road that leads below the Downs to Huish.

A feature that is of immense practical value in so "intensively" planned a house is the small room that lies between the kitchen and the dining-room, at the moment used as schoolroom and for nursery meals, but equally convenient under altered conditions—or even concurrently at other hours—for use as a servants' sitting-room or for business.

The illustrations make much description of the dining and drawing rooms superfluous, their attractiveness being due in no small degree to the skill and restraint with which Lady Katherine Rollo, the occupier, has furnished them.

The architect knew the sort of things to which his walls were to be the background, and the well proportioned simplicity of the rooms answers sympathetically to the furnishing. A touch of elaboration in the mantelpiece, a rather elegant mahogany door, and there is nothing else that the layman could fasten on as definitely "architectural."

X.





*St. James's Palace*

*The Earl of Darlington and His Fox Hounds*  
*Published March 4th 1860 by W.D. Jones, Cambridge*

*R. Marshall's print*